

AUGUST 1, 1955

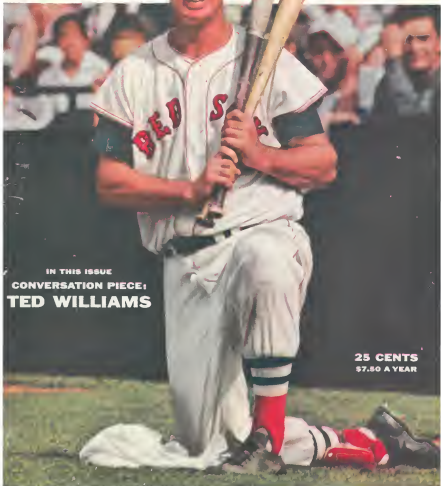
SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

IN THIS ISSUE

CONVERSATION PIECE:
TED WILLIAMS

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR





News comes
in all shapes and sizes.
News comes from all directions.

For a confident grasp of all the news—
people and places, ideas and events—
best-informed families everywhere
rely on one magazine.



B.F. Goodrich



Photo courtesy Gerhardt Chili Powder Co.

How All-Nylon Traction Express tires give trucker 140,000 miles before recaps

GERHARDT CHILI POWDER CO. manufactures chili products and distributes them nationally. From the factory at San Antonio, Texas, trucks roll across deserts and mountains, hauling pay-loads of over 16 tons. In this tire-killing business, costs could skyrocket.

But Secretary-Treasurer R. J. Haby writes: "The most inexpensive we've

found is the B. F. Goodrich Traction Express. Many have run 140,000 miles before recapping and we now have some carcasses on their third recap!"

Nylon saves you money

The B. F. Goodrich Traction Express can give such outstanding service because it is built with an *all-nylon* cord body. Nylon is stronger than ordinary cord materials, withstands double the

impact and resists heat blowouts and flex breaks. The Traction Express *all-nylon* body outwears even its extra-thick tread—up to 46% thicker than that of a regular tire—can still be recapped over and over!

Save money on tires and maintenance costs with the B. F. Goodrich *all-nylon* Traction Express (rayon construction at lower prices). See your B. F. Goodrich retailer today—the address is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book—or write The B. F. Goodrich Co., Tire & Equipment Division, Akron 18, Ohio.



**B. F. Goodrich
TRUCK TIRES
Only \$19.95**

plus tax and your
recapable fee
6.00-16 EXPRESS

The Express is ideal for pick-up and delivery trucks, trailers and heavy trucks. It has the same road design that came on new trucks, the same road thickness as ours for far heavier service. And it's fully warranted. All popular sizes through 10.00-22. Unusually low price. Convenient terms.



GERHARDT reports B. F. Goodrich Traction Express, Heavy Duty Express and Midget C tires, estimate 3 recaps save the price of one new.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks and trailers



Editor/Manager
FREDERICKHenry R. Lane
Roy K. Larsen

TED WILLIAMS, nearing the end of a phenomenally brilliant career, is probably the greatest gate attraction in baseball today. He is also a puzzling player whose personality remains unclear to the millions who follow his performance closely both on and off the field. As such he is a fitting subject for SI's cover this week and for the Conversation Piece on page 28.



TED WILLIAMS

Many readers have written us appreciatively about recent Conversation Pieces on Ben Hogan, Walter Alston, Blaise D'Antoni and Precher Roe. I am sure that they will enjoy as much this latest example of SI's journalistic invention, which offers a new understanding of baseball's temperamental perfectionist.

It took three years of minor league training to hone the exceptional talents of Ted Williams to major league sharpness. For other players the time is sometimes longer. But it is in the minors that major leaguers are made.

The minors, however, are far more than that, for in the past their clubs have been as much a part of the life of their communities as the Dodgers are to Brooklyn or the Indians to Cleveland. Yet in 1955 this is no longer quite the case in many places. The minor leagues are in trouble, not for the first time, but perhaps more seriously than ever before: each week brings news of the impending or actual demise of one or more clubs.

Last winter SI (Dec. 20) looked at the situation from the perspective of the minor leagues' president, George Trautman, and the owners of the major league clubs. Last week SI's Robert Creamer looked from a different angle—on the spot with the Portsmouth, Va. club of the Class B Piedmont League and their colorful owner, Frank Lawrence. For years Lawrence has been an outspoken critic of the major league policies which he feels are destroying the minors, and he has a suit pending against the majors for damages to his club.

Creamer's story in this issue and the Conversation Piece with Ted Williams represent two opposite but equally important ways to cover the big story, the story of baseball itself, as SI brings it authoritatively and completely throughout the year.



FRANK LAWRENCE

Harry Phillips

Managing Editor: Rodney L. James
Asst. Managing Editor: Richard W. Johnston
News Editor: John Tobey

Associate Editors

Peter Harrell, Gerald Hoffland, Martin Kane, Perry Knauth, Paul O'Neil, Jerome Snyder, Eleanor Welch, Richard Waters, Norton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers

Gerald Astor, Ezra Bowen, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crockett, N. Lee Griggs, Margery Miller, Coles Parnoy, Henry J. Ramsey, Elaine St. Maure, Frederick Smith, Whitney Toner, Reginald Wells, William H. White.

Staff Photographers

Mark Klaffman, Richard Meek, Hy Peskin.

Reporters

William Chapman (Newark); Honor Fitzpatrick (Chief of Research); Paul Abramson, Robert H. Boyle, Helen Brown, Jane Farley, Mervyn Hyman, Virginia Kraft, Morton Lund, Mary Snow, Dorothy Stull, Ann Weeks, Lester Woodcock, Jo Allen Zill.

Assistants

Arthur A. Bradley (Editorial Production), Bruce Reed (Copy Desk), William Bernstein, Betty Deek, Maryanne Gjerstad, Harvey Grit, Dorothy Moss, Eleanor Milosovic, Martin Nathan, Al Zingaro.

Special Contributors

Baseball: Red Smith, (Writing); Robert Baver Jr., (Editing); Victor Klemm, (Editing); Budd Schulberg, (Writing); Bill Mauldin; Football: Herman Hickman; Golf: Herbert Warren Wind, Horst Rasmussen; Alton Hughes; Hockey & Figure Skating: Clyde Carley; David Cretzler, Ted Jones, Hart Sullivan; Philip Wylie; Ed Zera; Motor Sports: John Bentley; Nature: John O'Hara; Tennis: William F. Talbot, Travis, Horace Sutton; Under 21: Danny Decker; Woman's Bureau: Jerome Weidman.

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: 1 yr. \$7.50, U.S. & Canada and foreign military personnel anywhere in the world; all other subscriptions, 1 yr., \$10.

Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising matters to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, c/o Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Please address all subscription correspondence to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address require four weeks notice. When ordering change, please enclose magazine and furnish address (important from a recent issue, or mail exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without 50¢ fee as well as new address, including postal zone number.

THIS, INC. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST and HOME & HOME GARDENS. Mortimer T. Moore, President, Roy F. Larsen, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Stillman, Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brumback, Vice President, Bernard Barnes, Alan Green, Andrew Goodell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Lazen, Ralph D. Palmer, Jr., P. F. Pennington, Controller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Chelms.

- 4 SCOREBOARD 22 THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT 64 COMING EVENTS
9 EVENTS & DISCOVERIES 47 FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR 65 THE 15TH HOLE
68 PAT ON THE BACK

SI Baseball Special

22 CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: TED WILLIAMS

Baseball's great star, not a man gives ordinarily to talking about himself, tells JOAN FLYNN DREYFOOT in some detail about his boyhood, his theories on hitting and early troubles with the fans, and of his enormous enthusiasm now for fishing

13 SPECTACLE: THE HEAT IS ON!

A portfolio of the major leagues' midwestern leaders in action by RICHARD MEER

18 CIVIL WAR IN VIRGINIA

The beleaguered minors are falling by the wayside in baseball's bitter struggle for survival. ROBERT CREAMER describes the difficulties at Portsmouth, Va. of the Piedmont League. Photographs by ROBERT PHILLIPS

26 THE COMPLETE FISH WATCHER

When PHILIP WYLIE, the novelist and pokerman, looked at the fascinating submarine world through the bottom of a glass bucket he found a new, exciting sport and fortitude abandoned his rod to the waves

32 GENTLEMAN FARMER OF A GREAT TRADITION

F. Ambrose Clark, a rare American, lives the wealthy and gracious life of an English squire on his magnificent 5,000-acre farm near Cooperstown, N.Y. RONNY JAGGERS records it in seven pages of emerald photographs with an introductory text by WHITNEY TOWER

40 GOLF'S BIG SUGAR DADDY

His name is George S. May, of Chicago's Tam O'Shanter Club, and as a promoter he has no peer. The question is, says JACK MABLEY, are his shenanigans good for golf?

52 AUSTRIA'S FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

No one ever took all the cures available at Bad Gastein, Austria's famous watering spot, until PAUL DEUTSCHMAN came along. He found they'll fix almost anything that ails you

THE DEPARTMENTS:

6 Hotbox: JIMMY JEMAIL asks: Are women poor sports?

62 Sport in Art: The works of four Americans who were fascinated in the early part of the century with life by the beautiful sea. Two pages of color

66 Horses: REGINALD WELLS pokes a previewing finger into harness racing's prize pie, the Hambletonian at Goshen, and comes up with Scott Frost as probable winner

66 Column of the Week: JERRY MITCHELL of the N.Y. Post asks Casey Stengel who's pitching. Result: a lengthy dissertation on the home rule which Casey doesn't like

69 Tip from the Top: CHUCK CONGDON of the Tacoma (Wash.) Country Club advocates the balanced follow-through

50 Boating: ECKA BOWEN rounds up the winners of the four top distance races of the season and discovers a common denominator: the businessman

62 Yesterday: Pete Knight, the greatest rodeo rider of the 30s, could ride anything that bucked except an ornery bronc named Midnight



COVER: TED WILLIAMS

Photograph by Hy Peskin

Keenest student and, on the record, one of the most successful practitioners of the art of propelling a ball through space with a slab of ash is the latest athlete pictured on the cover this week as he awaits his turn at bat. Equally famous for years for being uncooperative with the press and indifferent to the fans, Ted Williams has this year surprised many by turning a far mellowed facet of his complex personality to the world. Which aspect—or what proportion of both—delineates the man as he really is can best be judged by examining his own words in another SI Conversation Piece beginning on page 22.

Acknowledgments on page 64

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BEN HOGAN'S SECRET

Herbert Warren Wind discusses it, SI's TIP FROM THE TOP artist, Anthony Ravielli, illustrates it

ARE WE LOSING THE OLYMPIC IDEAL?

Yes, says Dr. Charles A. Bucher, in a provocative article against bringing politics into the Games

RECORD BREAKERS

● Donald Campbell, fearless British speedboat racer, zoomed cigar-shaped jet hydroplane *Bluebird* down England's Lake Ulswater at incredible 215.98 mph over measured kilometer, covered second run at 189.57, averaged 202.32 mph for new world record (see page 9). ● Yoshi Oyakawa, little Hawaiian aquanaut, streaked 200-meter backstroke in 2:28.1 for new U.S. long-course mark in National AAU championships at Los Angeles, set pace for three other record breakers: Bob Mattson of North Carolina State, who splashed 200-meter

breaststroke in 2:46.8; lanky 16-year-old George Harrison of Berkeley (Calif.) Swim Club, who sped 400-meter individual medley in 5:23.3; Bill Yareyk of New Haven Swim Club, who created new standard of 2:29.1 for 200-meter butterfly.

● Diamond Hal, California-owned 4-year-old, got swift drive from little Joe O'Brien, stepped off first mile in 2:30 4/5, took second in 2:40 for total time of 4:00 4/5, broke world speed mark for two heats over half-mile track in \$10,000 Springwood free-for-all at Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

BASEBALL

American League race turned as hot as weather with embattled New York Yankees striving desperately to fight off advancing Chicago, Cleveland, Boston and Detroit. Slipping Yankees dropped two out of three to Chicago, slid out of first place when Kansas City snapped 10-game losing streak with 3-1, 2-7 victories, then pulled themselves together (on pitching of Whitey Ford and Johnny Kuck, timely home run by Yogi Berra) long enough to beat Athletics 7-3, 2-0, ended disastrous western trip with slender one-game lead over Chicago and Cleveland.

Indiana made most of Yankee slump, snared four games from last-place Baltimore to move within two percentage points of second place. Boston's George Sauer hurled one-hitter to beat Kansas City 6-0 before Red Sox split close four-game series with Chicago. Detroit continued on upgrade against tailenders, won five of seven from Baltimore and Washington as young Al Kaline, league's top batter with .365, also took over home-run lead with 22 and Rookie Pitcher Babe Birtner clouted two three-run homers against Orioles.

Philadelphia Phillies, muddling around in seventh place in National League, suddenly caught fire, ran winning streak to 11 straight, soared up to fourth place before St. Louis' Harvey Haddix stopped them 8-1. Superb pitching by veteran Merry Dickson, Curt Simmons, Herman Wehmeier and Saul Rogovin, picked up as free agent, paced Phillies' drive. Philadelphia started new surge, beat Cards 7-2, 6-3, 3-0 as Robin Roberts earned 16th win, Roger Hornsby twirled shutout and Del Ennis hammered three homers in one game.

Brooklyn Dodgers got three more triumphs from Rockies Don Bessett and Roger Craig, 16th win from fastballing Don Newcombe, won four and lost four against Cincinnati, Chicago and Milwaukee, rolled along 13½ games in front of Braves.

Pittsburgh's Vernon Law pitched 18 innings before being lifted for pinch hitter, failed to get credit for victory when Pirates edged Milwaukee 4-3 in 19th but came back later in week to toss four-hitter as Pittsburgh whipped floundering Chicago Cubs four times. New York Giant's Jim Hearn held Redlegs hitless for 8½ innings, missed no-hitter by whisker when Chuck Harmon hit single.

Jim Lemon, husky Chattanooga outfielder who once played for Cleveland and Washington, gave impressive display of power, belted four homers to lead Southern Association All-Stars to 10-5 win over league-leading Birmingham Barons at Birmingham,

George Piktania, 23-year-old Los Angeles left-hander, pitched Pacific Coast League's first no-hitter of year, beat San Francisco 2-1. Three days later Seattle's Elmer Stigelson held San Diego hitless in seven-inning game, won 2-0.

SAILING

Cornelius (Gilt) Shields Jr., young son of famed International Class skipper, sailed his 110 Irie to three victories, added third, fourth and sixth places for 16 points, won title in his class and Anne Kathleen Cullen Memorial Trophy for outstanding performance during Larchmont Race Week. Warner M. Wilcox took International Class honors with Stardust, was awarded Lawrence Marx Trophy; Skip Etchells dominated Stars with Shannon, captured Stanley King Turner Trophy; John N. Matthews' Vin, slipped by his son Don, was winner in 12-meter class; Van Wyck Loomis' Hound topped Atlantic Class. Other winners: Jack Meyer's Kelpie in Thistle; Buzzy Monte-Sano's Grey Ghost in Blue Jay; Chris Drake's Stardust in Comet; Henry C. Boschen's Siles in cruising division; Paul Hoffman's Hecher in Handicap Class, Division 1; David Cluett's Trident in Handicap Class, Division 2; Jimmy Rosser's Old Crow in Raven; Leonard Toome's Bonito in Luders-16; Bob Curtis' Hawk in Rhodes-18; Florence Deposit's Pad in Penguin; H. Earle Braisted's Aloha in Hurricane; Dick Sykes's Dixie in Lightning Division 1; Hugh Byfield's Lady Lou in Lightning Division 2; Wilmer R. Wright's Fidget in S Class; Howard and Renee Stern's Neutrin in Snipe.

Norman (Nubby) Sarna, 42-year-old machine tool manufacturer from Mt. Clemens, Mich., let able crew maneuver his 40-foot Class B sloop *Reverdy* through series of flat calms and heavy fogs while he cooled "The best means a sailor on a small sloop ever ate." won 33½-mile Chicago-to-Mackinac Island race in slow 71:31.33 corrected time.

HORSE RACING

Swoon's Son, E. Gay Drake's swift-striding bay colt with Jockey Dave Erb aboard, broke fast at start, got little competition from field, romped home first by three lengths in \$144,580 Arlington Futurity at Arlington Park, Ill.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Social Outcast, flown from New York to Inglewood, Calif. to run in \$110,500 Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park, responded with cloving burst that carried him from last to first, zipped across finish line two lengths ahead of Rejected to set track record of 2:40 3/5 for mile-and-five-eighths.

Bold Bascoles, Comedian Lou Costello's

snappy 2-year-old chestnut colt who tied world record of 1:03 1/5 for five-and-half furlongs July 14, had easy time in \$72,500 Starlet Stakes at Hollywood Park, outran 14 rivals to win by three lengths.

Heliocope, sprightly 4-year-old who set four track records, equaled fifth in seven starts this year, was guided into early lead by Jockey Sammy Boefmetia, stayed there to outrun High Gun by one-and-half lengths, won \$56,400 for Owner Bill Hella Jr. in \$83,550 Monmouth Park Handicap at Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.

TENNIS

Tony Trabert, hard-hitting Cincinnati, overpowered Vic Seixas with booming serve, precise shotmaking, beat Davis Cup teammate for eighth straight time 6-3, 6-2, 6-3 to capture Pennsylvania State men's singles at Haverford, Pa. In women's final, veteran Wimbledon champion Louise Brehar started slowly in blistering 100th heat, rallied to defeat hard-working Althea Gibson 1-6, 6-2, 6-1.

Australia swept past Brazil 4-1 at Louisville, Ky. (losing only point when little-known 19-year-old Renald Mercier surprised Lew Hard 6-4, 6-4, 6-4), got ready to face Canada, 5-0 winner over British West Indies at Montreal, in Davis Cup American Zone final July 29-31 at Montreal's Mount Royal Tennis Club.

BOXING

Sugar Ray Robinson, no longer nimble-footed but showing flashes of his onetime punching skill, set fast early pace, got himself floored in sixth round but bounced back to outslug favored (2 to 1) No. 1-ranked Rocky Castellani and take 10-round split decision at San Francisco, hopefully set sights on shot at Bobo Olson's middleweight championship (see page 10). In Philadelphia another prominent middleweight contender (Joey Giardello) marched off to Holmesburg Prison to begin 6- to 18-month sentence after conviction on six counts of assault and riot.

Flash Elorde, plucky, baby-faced Philippine scrapper, got good going over from free-swinging Featherweight Champion Sandy Saddler in bloody 10-rounder at Manila but was given unanimous decision in fight that ended in bottle-throwing by crowd incensed at Saddler's butting and elbowing, harsh words by Manager Charley Johnston who criticized referee, charged police "did not give us any protection."

Bob Baker, methodical 214-pound Pittsburgh heavyweight, battered away at pudgy Rex Layne's unprotected middle, shook up opponent with stiff jab to head, won close 10-round victory at West Jordan, Utah.

SWIMMING

New Haven Swim Club won four events, scored 55 points to edge powerful Hawaii Swim Club by single point for National AAU team championship at Los Angeles.

AUTO RACING

Lex du Pont of Wilmington, Del. pushed his Cooper over 3 1/4-mile course in best average lap time of 3:14.17, won SCCA Brynlan Tyddyn road race feature at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Other winners: Ralph L. Durbin of Birmingham, Mich. in MG-TF; Lake E. Underwood of East Orange, N.J. in Jaguar; Candler H. Poole Jr. of South Glastonbury, Conn. in PMX; Otto L. Lintsen of Exton, Pa. in Opel.

MOTORBOATING

Ron Mussen, skiffing racer from Akron, Ohio, powered his Chromale to 256-cubic-inch title while John Cores of Des Plaines, Calif., in Skippy, took 135-cubic-inch crown in national championships on scenic Lake Gunterville, Ala.

ARCHERY

Nils Andermen, Swedish sharpshooter, hit target often enough to score 3,020 points, edged out America's Bob Rhode for men's world championship, paced Sweden to record-breaking 8,627 points and team title at Helsinki. Poland's Katarzyna Wisniewska won women's crown with 3,033 points but couldn't keep England from winning women's team honors.

MOTORCYCLING

Everett Brashear, hard-riding young (28) Beaumont, Tex. cyclist, wheeled into lead half-mile from finish, barely nosed out defending champion Joe Leonard in 13:28.39 in 20-mile national championship race at San Mateo, Calif.

FOOTBALL

Berale Bierman, onetime producer of powerhouse Minnesota teams, headed impressive list of five coaches, 16 players named to Hall of Fame at New Brunswick, N.J. Other coaches: Wallace Wade, Maaty Bell, George E. Little, E. N. Robinson. Players selected: Cliff Battles of West Virginia Wesleyan (1913-14); Paul Dea Jarden of Chicago (1913-14); William (Beattie) Feathers of Tennessee (1931-33); A. R. (Buck) Flowers of Georgia Tech (1918-20); Gen. John Kilpatrick (1908-10) and Clint Frank (1935-37) of Yale; Bobby Grayson of Stanford (1933-35); LeRoy Mercer of Penn (1910-12); Davey O'Brien of DU (1936-38); Clarence (Ace) Parker of Duke (1934-36); Elmer Oliphant of Army (1918-18); Fred Shreiner of Wisconsin (1940-42); Dave Singlet of Alabama (1928-39); Harry Smith of Southern California (1937-39); Dr. Clarence Spears of Dartmouth (1916-17); Alex Wojciechowski of Fordham (1936-37).

MILEPOSTS

DIED—Robert James Speers, 72, Canada's leading thoroughbred breeder (196 of his horses won 1,338 races in 20 years), first to introduce closed starting gate and originator of daily double in North America, builder and operator of race tracks, successful grain and livestock businessman; (no heart attack, at Winnipeg.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending July 24)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. N.Y. Ch. 100
W 4, L 4, 4-3, 5-1
Ses 50-37 5-9
Pct. .615

2. Cal. 98
W 4, L 4, 4-3
Ses 50-37 5-9
Pct. .606

3. Cleve. 96
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-38 4-4
Pct. .604

4. Wash. 94
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-41 4-3
Pct. .573

5. Det. 93
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

6. K.C. 92
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

7. Wash. 91
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

8. Balt. 90
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

9. Phila. 89
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

10. Minn. 88
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

11. Chic. 87
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

12. St. Louis 86
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

13. Tor. 85
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

14. Balt. 84
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

15. Phila. 83
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

16. Minn. 82
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

17. Chic. 81
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

18. St. Louis 80
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

19. Tor. 79
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

20. Balt. 78
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

21. Phila. 77
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

22. Minn. 76
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

23. Chic. 75
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

24. St. Louis 74
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

25. Tor. 73
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

26. Balt. 72
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

27. Phila. 71
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

28. Minn. 70
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

29. Chic. 69
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

30. St. Louis 68
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Balt. 100
W 4, L 4, 4-3, 5-1
Ses 50-37 5-9
Pct. .615

2. Cal. 98
W 4, L 4, 4-3
Ses 50-37 5-9
Pct. .606

3. Cleve. 96
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-38 4-4
Pct. .604

4. Wash. 94
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-41 4-3
Pct. .573

5. Det. 93
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

6. K.C. 92
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

7. Wash. 91
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

8. Balt. 90
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

9. Phila. 89
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

10. Minn. 88
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

11. Chic. 87
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

12. St. Louis 86
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

13. Tor. 85
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

14. Balt. 84
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

15. Phila. 83
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

16. Minn. 82
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

17. Chic. 81
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

18. St. Louis 80
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

19. Tor. 79
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

20. Balt. 78
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

21. Phila. 77
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

22. Minn. 76
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

23. Chic. 75
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

24. St. Louis 74
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

25. Tor. 73
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

26. Balt. 72
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

27. Phila. 71
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

28. Minn. 70
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

29. Chic. 69
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

30. St. Louis 68
W 5, L 2, 1-8, 4-3
Ses 50-43 4-3
Pct. .573

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

MASTER GREGORY, Kansas City, Union Steel Prix, at Favers, Lithon.

BOXING

BOB SATTERFIELD and JOE SWAN, 10-round draw, heavyweights, Miami Beach.

BOB ALBRIGHT and TOXIE RALL, 10-round draw, heavyweights, Seattle.

ELMER FORD and BOB FORD, 10-round draw, heavyweights, Richmond, Calif.

WILLIE VANDER, 10-round TKO over Max Ward, lightweight, Los Angeles.

ITALO SCORTORINI, 8-round TKO over Marshall Clayton, for Philippine middleweight title, Manila.

BARON FORTY, 10-round light decision over Maxie Condore, welterweight, New York.

SUGAR AL WILSON, 10-round decision over Pat Leroy, welterweight, New York.

KID DAVILAN, 10-round decision over Gilt Gil, welterweight, Buenos Aires.

RICARDO (Red) HOWARD, 10-round decision over Pat McCoy, lightweight, Manila, N.S.

BILLY FLAHERTY, 10-round decision over Oscar Torres, welterweight, San Antonio, Tex.

LEO ESPINOSA, 10-round decision over Johnny Ortega, bantamweight, Honolulu.

GOLF

BETTY JAMESON, San Antonio, Tex. and MARY LENA FAUL, Thomaston, Ga., women's 4-ball championship, at Ft. Worth, Tex.

KARL HARRISON, Grand Rapids, Mich., club amateur championship, with 14, for 1st hole, Chicago.

JOHN GILSON, Watertown, Conn., Connecticut Open, with 219 for 54 holes, Groton, Conn.

EDMUND CORNELL, Brooklyn, Mass., over Billy Hargis, 2 & 1, Massachusetts Amateur, South Hamilton, Mass.

EDWIN WATSON, Madison, Wis., over Robert Robison, at 37 holes, Western Amateur, Rockland 18.

JOHN BURNETT, Palm Beach, Fla., over Jack Morgan, 2 & 2, Southern Amateur, St. Mary.

WILLIAM SMITH, Detroit, over Sally Sharp, 6 & 5, Michigan Women's Amateur, Detroit.

MRS. P. W. WINTERMAN, Fortson, Wis., over Marjorie Kibbe, 2 up, Wisconsin Women's Amateur, Milwaukee.

MRS. MARGIE HADON, Andrews 18, with Judy Fikes, 5 & 4, New Jersey Women's Golf Assn. championship, West Orange N.J.

ASIDE BOY Maryland Triple Crown (first leg), \$25,000, 3 in ones, by 4 lengths in 2:05 1/2 (new track record), Baltimore Raceway, Baltimore, Howard County, Md.

HORSE RACING

PLANTER \$61,000 (welterweight), by 2 1/2 lengths, lat 25, Arlington Park, Arlington Heights, Ill. Johnny Adams up.

SABRATO \$129,000 (welterweight), 1 1/2 lengths, by 20 lengths, in 1:44, Saratoga (at Saratoga), N.Y. Ben Shook up.

NEW TOWN \$28,000 (2-year-old), 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:10, Hollywood Park, Hollywood, Calif. Mike Shumaker up.

BLUE PARADE \$22,000 (welterweight), 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:30 1/2, Hawthorne Park, Hawthorne, N.J. Glen Leonard up.

STAR DRIVER \$27,500 (welterweight), 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:30 1/2, Rockingham Park, Salem, N.H. George Watkins up.

MOTORBOATING

KIADRA, piloted by Sydney G. Rodgers, Larchmont, N.Y., Doublet Memorial Trophy presented trip race, with 88 1/2% accuracy, Annapolis, Conn.

RODENT

JIM SHOULDER, Henryetta, Okla., 40-round strategy championship, Snake River Stampede, Rampa, Idaho.

SAILING

BABE, skippered by Mr. Beth Olsen, Sanchoon, N.H., New Jersey single championship, with 4,422 pts., Spauld, N.J.

SWIMMING

(Heat AAU championships, Los Angeles)
SANDY GIDSON, New Haven, Conn., 100-meter freestyle, in 1:27 1/2 (best record).

BILL WOLFEY, Honolulu, 200-meter freestyle, in 2:42 (best record).

VIRG RYAN, Hawaii, 400-meter freestyle, in 5:47, GEORGE OWEN, Jr., Hawaii, 1,000-meter freestyle, in 18:53.

YOUNG OTAKURA, Hawaii, 50, 100-meter backstroke, in 1:55 (best record).

NEW HAVEN, 200-meter freestyle relay, in 5:24, 400-meter medley relay, in 4:26 (best record).

GARY TORIAN, Los Angeles, 400-meter medley, with 58 1/2 pts.

JOHN HARPER, Palo Alto, Calif., 3-meter springboard, with 337 1/2 pts.

TENNIS

TOM THARNT, Greenville, and VIC SELAS, Philadelphia, over Hal Greene and Stuart Case 7, 6, 3, 4, 4, Pennsylvania State men's doubles, Haverford Pa.

LEAH SELAS, Beverly Hills, Calif., and MRS. MARGARET GURNEY, San Francisco, 4, 6, 3, 6, 6, over Barbara Paul and Gerlene Rand, 6, 3, 6, 6, 6, Pennsylvania State women's doubles, Haverford, Pa.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Norbert L. Harms of St. Louis, in his answer to the Hotbox question, "Should women hunt?" said: "... basically, women are poor sports." Are they?

AVERY BRUNDAGE, Chicago

President, International Olympic Committee



"No. A great benefit derived from sport is the development of moral fiber and sportsmanship. Women have made considerable progress even though they are comparatively new in competitive sport. They've given us many athletes who are excellent exponents of true sportsmanship."

JOHN C. FISCHBEIN, Honolulu

Manager, Royal Hawaiian Hotel



"No. And I'm competent to answer. I was punter of the S.S. *Laurine* for years, with plenty of chances to watch shipboard competitions. Webster defines sportsman: 'One who in sports is fair and generous; a good loser and a graceful winner.' Women of my acquaintance have been all of this."

FURBER MARSHALL, Carlisle, Pa.

President, Carlisle Corp.



"Women sure are great sports. I wouldn't dare say anything but that. What do you want to do, ruin my marriage? My wife is the former

Sarah Hall, who, in her high school days, was captain of the basketball team that won the Alabama state championship. As I said, women are great sports."

FAYE EMERSON, New Canaan, Conn.

Actress



"Give us a chance. Men weren't always good losers. It's taken generations of training. Some are still poor losers. Faking injury

in football to stop the clock isn't sporting. Sure, some women lose poorly to each other, but they're the best losers to men. They've taken it on the chin for centuries."

THEODORE S. PETERSEN, San Francisco

President, Standard Oil Co. of California



"No. Women are wonderful sports. They assume most of the drudgery and the hard jobs while men go their merry way. They have to be good sports to take it. In competitive sports, no one likes to lose; but I've observed that women lose a bit more gracefully than men."

VINCENT AURIOL

Former President of France



"No. They are just as sportsmanlike as the men. My own daughter-in-law, Jacqueline, recently bettered the women's air-speed record—formerly held by Jacqueline Cochran

—flying a French Mystere IV turbo-jet fighter. She is thoroughly sportsmanlike, as are all French women athletes."

LIEUT. RED GRAVE, Atlanta, Ga.

U.S. Navy



"Yes. A woman hates to lose and is overbearing when she wins. I've seen it in basketball. And I've read about Suzanne Lenglen quit-

ting in the middle of a tennis match at Forest Hills when Molla Mallory, the American champion, took a set from her for the first time in two years of tournament play."

BARB DIDRICKSON, Tampa, Fla.



"No. I have never competed against a woman who showed poor sportsmanship. I have watched men in sports for a long time.

They are not better sports than women. I should know because I've probably competed in all kinds of sports longer than any athlete, man or woman, living today."

Advertising Executive



"Yes. Their inherent jealousy of other women makes them poor sports. This permeates their thinking and shows in athletic contests. The green-eyed monster may permit a girl seemingly to congratulate an opponent, but inwardly she usually fumes and seethes."

FLORENCE SHIENTAG, New York

Former Justice of Domestic Relations Court



"Yes. Women are hard give-aways. Did you ever see women wrestlers when they get mad? And the girls in the roller-derbies? Sports teach generosity and good will toward opponents. That's the wonderful thing about athletics. They are the great levelers. Women are learning."

BRUCE BARTON, New York

Advertising executive



"Yes. At the finish of a recent women's golf match, I never saw such grim and unsmiling faces. Men have built codes of sportsmanship through generations of competition. But women will catch up. Those who have been competing the longest have already caught up."

NEW CARL ZEISS PRISM BINOCULARS



Made by Carl Zeiss in West Germany. A great improvement in design and optical efficiency. Nothing like them!

Considerably smaller in size than conventional binoculars... Rugged, airtight construction... More convenient, center-supported neckstraps, new camera-style cases.

You must see these new binoculars to appreciate their superior features! At present, only the 8x30 model is available—others will follow.

At leading dealers.

Carl Zeiss, Inc., 485 Fifth Ave., New York 17

MADE IN WEST GERMANY

\$75,000
REDAIT CIRCULATION

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
ADMIT BEARER TO
SPORTS EVENTS
AROUND THE WORLD
① ②
TOTAL 52 WEEKS FOR \$7.50

\$75,000
ADMIT BEARER TO THIS IS FOR ME

\$75,000
ADMIT BEARER TO THIS IS FOR ME

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
ADMIT BEARER TO
SPORTS EVENTS
AROUND THE WORLD
① ②
TOTAL 52 WEEKS FOR \$7.50

\$75,000
ADMIT BEARER TO THIS IS FOR ME

The coupon below will bring **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to you (or a friend) every week for 52 weeks. It's the ideal way to be at sports events you cannot go to. For birthdays, other special occasions, why not give **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**? Fill in proper spaces below and mail today.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois
Please send 52 weekly issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to:

name (please print)

address

city state zip

Notes: ☐ If a gift, sign my name into this.

☐ The above subscription is for me. Please bill me for \$7.50 at the same address.

☐ The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for \$7.50 at this address:

name

address

city state zip

(These rates apply in Continental U. S. and Canada only.)

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

Who is, or was, the toughest pitcher for you to hit?

The weight you want—and how sugar helps you hold it!

It is your appetite that regulates your weight

But if you are healthy your blood sugar level helps to control your appetite

You are hungriest, and most apt to overeat, when your blood sugar level is low

When it is *high* you're more quickly satisfied on less food

The food that raises your blood sugar level the fastest is sugar itself



Recent nutritional findings give new importance to sugar and the good foods and beverages that contain it

Summertime is the time when we use the most sugar—in energy-refreshing soft drinks, in ice cream, in glasses of iced tea, on breakfast berries and in fresh fruit desserts.

It is also the season when nature herself puts more sugar in these same sun-ripened fruits and in garden-fresh vegetables—the same kind of sugar she puts in sugar cane and sugar beets.

Yet this is the time of year when most people find it easier to shed surplus pounds.

Science has just recently given us the reason. Sugar plays a part in the healthy body's own weight control system.

Helps prevent overeating

Sugar is known as a quick-energy food because it raises your blood sugar level almost immediately. Now research scientists have found that the blood sugar level also helps to regulate appetite.

When your blood sugar level is low you get hungry. That's your body-call for energy. When you eat, your blood sugar level goes up. When it reaches a certain point your hunger is "turned off." You find it's easy to turn down extra helpings that lead to extra weight.

This explains why your summertime use of sugar helps you to stay satisfied on lighter summer meals.

What if you're gaining weight?

Scientists also found that people get hungry more often during the time when they are actually gaining weight than they do when they're maintaining weight. This is the reason many of the newer reducing diets *purposely* include sugar. Used in "scientific nibbles" it raises the blood sugar level and helps to quickly curb a runaway appetite.

These "scientific nibbles" are made a part of your regular morning and afternoon "energy break." It might be a bottle or glass of your favorite sugar-containing soft drink, a cookie, a piece of candy—or sugar in your coffee or tea. A level teaspoonful contains only 18 calories—can help you cut several times as many calories from the next meal.

How about artificial sweeteners?

After almost a year of study, the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council reported: "There is no clear justification for the use of artificial sweeteners by the general public as a weight reduction procedure."

This authoritative report, in supporting the use of sugar, emphasized, as "especially pertinent," the desirability of meeting the nutritional needs of the people by the use of natural foods."

Sugar, nature's own pure-food sweetener, makes an important contribution to those nutritional needs.

18 CALORIES

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar! People we asked (including some on diets) guessed from 10 to 600. You'll normally use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar every 7½ minutes!



All facts in this adverage apply to both cane and beet sugar

SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.
New York 5, New York

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

The talk in the horse set • Saving something for the skipper • About Pee Wee's dream • Pacer's bad break • A flash of iridescence • Practical golf

SWAPS VS. NASHUA

NO ONE in the race-track set lacked a subject once the date for the Swaps-Nashua match race was finally confirmed for August 31. The news took the old guard back, for a parallel, to the first great match race of modern times—the one between Zev and Papyrus in 1923—and the middle guard back to the last good one, between Seabiscuit and War Admiral in 1938. Ears were trained on the words of the principals—the owners, trainers and the successful impresario, Mr. Ben Lindheimer, who operates Chicago's Washington Park where the horses will meet.

Characteristically, Rex Ellsworth, Swaps's owner and breeder, kept his thoughts to himself and let Trainer Meshach Tenney do the talking. "You can say for me," Tenney told a reporter at Hollywood Park, "that so far as I am concerned Swaps is a proven horse, and our race against Nashua is not an attempt to establish his prestige. I have never been more confident that our colt will give a good account of himself."

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, the 81-year-old patriarch of American trainers, the man who nursed and tutored a long line of champions before Nashua, had this to say: "People told me [before the Kentucky Derby] Swaps was a colt that would probably stop after a mile. Maybe he'll beat us again, but if

he does he won't be as comfortable doing it this time."

As befits a man who has landed the biggest plum on the year's racing calendar, Lindheimer was full of large and generous thoughts. "Both owners represent the highest traditions in American racing," he said. "Such a match is of great value to the turf because it stimulates interest in racing as a sport and gets us away from the commercial aspects of the game, which tend to color our thinking so much these days."

SI's reader mail (see THE 19TH HOLE) was running 5-1 in favor of Swaps. Out in Tijuana, where the commercial aspects of the game are never forgotten, Promoter John Alessio (SI, May 2) promptly opened up a future book.

His first line: Swaps the favorite at 7-10, Nashua 11-10.

"We're getting letters from all over," said Alessio. "My guess is that the betting lines will be strictly drawn—East versus West."

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Donald Campbell finally got a quiet spell on England's Lake Ullswater and opened up his jet-powered Bluebird in an official speed test, reclaimed the world's water-speed record for Britain with an average of 202 mph—a demonstration, he said later, he rather wished he could have made in U.S. waters.

Vic Raschi, the once-great Yankee pitcher who was dealt off at the end of the 1953 season and wound up this year with Kansas City, pitched his former teammates temporarily out of the American League lead, allowing them 10 hits but bearing down with men on base to win 3-1.

Paul Richards, Baltimore Orioles manager, has had 65 different players on his 25-man roster so far this year, but is now virtually forbidden to trade young First Baseman Gus Triandos, who has just set an all-time Baltimore record of nine home runs in one season.

New Zealand Stating Conference, the governing body for that nation's horse racing, raised the minimum weight impost for horses from 98 to 105 pounds because jockeys are getting bigger—a fact that is bothering racing officials everywhere, although nowhere else has anything been done about it.

Lt. Bob Mathias will get a three-month leave from the Marine Corps beginning September 1 to take a State Department-sponsored world tour in which he will be a kind of athletic Point Four—showing the world's youngsters how to do the decathlon.

Beverly Baker Fleitz, home in Long Beach, Calif. after a European campaign in which she won the German and Irish tennis titles and reached the Wimbledon finals, said she would spend the summer at home getting reacquainted with her husband and daughter and not return to the courts until the nationals in September.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 9

ON WORDSWORTH'S LAKE

WHEN we ended our story on Don Campbell and the *Blackbird* last week, the final moment was at hand—the final moment, that is, of Campbell's six-year effort to travel faster on water than anyone has ever traveled before. The moment arrived last Saturday on the smooth surface of Lake Ullswater. The day was clear; one of those days when, as Wordsworth says, the sky rejoices at the morning's birth. The jet-powered *Blackbird* floated motionless at a jetty near the Glenridding Hotel—formerly the Glenridding Temperance Hotel. Inside the hotel 34-year-old Don Campbell was playing chess.

The trouble was wind. A short distance away from where Campbell was sitting is the precise spot where the 34-year-old Wordsworth was inspired to write the poem about daffodils that every schoolboy is supposed to know. Wordsworth was wandering lonely as a cloud on the shore of Lake Ullswater when he saw his daffodils beside the lake, beneath the trees, fluttering and dancing in the breeze. Winds were fluttering beside Lake Ullswater last Saturday also; in fact, they had fluttered irregularly all week. Lake Ullswater is a curious body of water, only seven and a half miles long and from a quarter of a mile to three-quarters of a mile wide, with winds making it virtually three lakes. When the air is still its surface is glassy. Wordsworth reported seeing it so quiet that dandelion seeds rolled over its surface. But even a slight breeze sets up a cross-hatching of ripples. As Campbell continued his chess, five launches cruised slowly over the lake, studying the surface.

At 11:45 a radio message came suddenly from the upper end of the lake: "Conditions favorable." Campbell jumped into his car and drove 200 yards to the boathouse. He strapped a blue life jacket around himself and climbed into the cockpit, pressed the starter button on the 4,000-hp jet engine and eased the craft along the edge of the lake, as a huge cloud of spray shot back from the stern.

In mid-lake *Blackbird* lined up on a marker buoy. The roar of the jet broke into a high-pitched whine. A great plume of spray arose, half hiding it from shore. It shot down the lake at a speed that reached 215.08 mph. Campbell said it was "like driving a motor car over ice, with tremendous power under one's right foot." He did not

have *Blackbird* wide open—"not all out by a very long way."

In a matter of seconds he was at the upper end of Lake Ullswater. He refueled and started back, reaching 189.57 mph on the return, for a two-way average of 202.32—conclusively faster than the standard powerboat record of 178.5 held by Seattle's Stanley Sayres with his *Slo-Mo-Shoo IV*.

Campbell climbed out of the cockpit with a grimace of pain—he has twisted vertebrae that bother him. As he walked toward the boathouse he grabbed the hook of a crane and said, "I want to stretch my back. The crane operator obligingly hoisted him off the ground and let him hang a few seconds. Then Campbell led his wife and mother and the mechanics to champagne at the hotel bar.

Campbell has been trying for the record ever since 1949. In 1948 his father Sir Malcolm, died and, while the auctioneers were carrying things out of the family home, a friend told young Campbell that America's Henry Kaiser was building an aluminum speedboat to break Sir Malcolm's 1939 record of 141.74 mph.

"Why should they have everything?" young Campbell cried. Presently, in the best tradition of sporting tales, he added, "By God, they won't have that record. Not without a fight!" Last week, when he emerged from the bar after his triumphal celebration, he was pretty happy.

"The fact that one has been able to carry on my dear old skipper's work obviously causes one to feel delight," he said, or at least that is the way one reporter heard it. "I would like very much to go and show the flag in the

States. It's been a long time since any British record-breaking machine made an appearance in the States.

"We were using an old engine in *Blackbird*, which has never been flat out. She ought to be able to go quite a bit faster."

Something else struck him: "We've been into the unknown. We've been to a point where no man has ever been before."

DREAM SEQUENCE

THERE WAS THIS BOY and he was having this dream and, like a lot of boys' dreams, it was about baseball.

He wasn't in his home town of Ekron, Ky. any more. He was in a big ball park in a big city and the stands were filled with more than 30,000 people. They had come to see him, because he had been a champion ballplayer for a long time now, 15 years or more.

He stood there modestly, wearing a No. 1 on his uniform, while people read telegrams to him and made speeches. They called him "Mr. Shortstop" and the player who for 15 years had "done most" for his club. Among the messages were one from the governor of his home state of Kentucky, another from the Vice-President of the United States. Finally, from far away, there even came a telegram of "best wishes" from the President himself. Meanwhile, while his pretty wife and daughter and his mother stood beside him, something like \$10,000 worth of gifts, including a new automobile, piled up around him. Somebody even ran a Confederate flag up on the big flagpole on the roof, which shows how silly a dream can sometimes get.

And then the game began and this boy hit two doubles and handled everything that came his way at shortstop and his team won.

The next morning this boy woke up and read in the papers all about how the grateful fans of Brooklyn had honored Harold Pentry (Pee Wee) Reese in just this way the night before and then he knew it was not a dream at all. For he was Pee Wee Reese from Ekron, Ky.

SUGAR RAY'S MOMENT

HE TRAINED in iridescent purple swim trunks. He had an iridescent fuchsia Cadillac as long and shining as a summer day. He had a midjet to amuse him and a barber for his iridescent hair and the iridescent smile of the man in the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel who knows he is going to be



BASEBALL DISASTER

*I trust that no one was hurt
When our bats came through to him;
It says here they trampled their foes
Till the ninth when the roof fell in.*

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

young forever and is the best man in the whole world.

But worlds change, the heroes grow old and the light doesn't shine in the same way. So it was with Sugar Ray Robinson at 35, who held two world championships and was cheated by the heat from a third, struggling upward from time-stepping in Parisian night clubs on a comeback that was viewed with melancholy and compassion by sportswriters, who are troubled by age and diminishing talents. It could come to no good end. The timing wasn't as sharp, the legs didn't move as fast.

At San Francisco's Cow Palace the other night Sugar Ray was a 2-1 underdog against Rocky Castellani, the No. 1 middleweight contender. But Ray fought off the odds-makers and his rugged contender, climbed up from a nine-count knockdown to win the fight. He wasn't the Robinson of old (nobody is the anybody of old) but the left- and right-hand combinations, for the most part, were swift and telling, the legs moved, for the most part, where and when they had to. With a champion named Bobo Olson waiting to meet him next, Sugar Ray's comeback may be just about over. But for a moment last week Sugar Ray's world seemed almost indecent again.

HARNESS HAZARD

ALL BY HIMSELF In the end zone, the star halfback drops the pass that would have won the game. With the score tied and the bases loaded, the crack infielder stops a hard-hit grounder, then lets the ball flip out of his throwing hand like wet soap. What stress will do to football and baseball players is an old story; it happens, less familiarly, with harness horses too.

At Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island the other night the best pacing horse in America, a 4-year-old named Adios Harry, and his driver, Luther Lyons, were out to set a new world record on a half-mile track. This was no long-odds possibility, but rather a strong likelihood, for Harry has recently raced the fastest mile (1:55) in harness history and set half a dozen or so other world marks. He was a 1-10 favorite to win. The night was hot, perfect weather for harness horses; there was scarcely a breeze, and the track, one of the best in the country, was fast.

One thing, conceivably, could stop Adios Harry. Any horse, regardless of breeding and harness training, may break gait and plain run when he's in

too big a hurry to get someplace. Moreover, it is entirely possible that the driver may transmit his hurry through the reins and throw the horse into a break. Whatever the reason, when a horse breaks stride he must be driven to the outside of the track and pulled back on gait, by which time he is usually hopelessly behind in the race. To guard against this, harness horses are run through extensive warm-up exercises to take the edge off any impulse to "run." Adios Harry was fully "warned up" at post time.

Then, with the great expectations of the harness world upon him, he stepped out in his powerful, side-wheeling gait, gathered speed and—on the first turn—broke gait and tried to run for it. Gone was the record attempt, the \$7,000 purse, the \$5,000 bonus offered by the track, the \$55,000 bet on him. Adios Harry, best pacer alive, finished a poor last.

Said Driver Lyons: "We were just overeager, I guess."

"HONESTY RATING"

DR. GEORGE GALLUP has published a poll which should interest boxing. "Do you think that any of the boxing matches you see on television are 'fixed' or not?" he asked. The replies:

Yes, some are fixed	46%
No	27
Don't watch TV fights	14
Not sure, no opinion	19

Says Gallup: "That adds up to about

41 million Americans who give the sport a questionable honesty rating."

DOIN' WHAT COMES NACHERLY

JESSE H. BROWN is a Chicago lawyer, aged 54, who has been playing good golf for 40 years. His handicap is now five, but once it was down to one. Needless to say, Mr. Brown likes golf, but he doesn't like the experts who are always telling you how to improve. "As far as I can make out," Mr. Brown was saying the other day, "there are only two games where the experts won't leave you alone—golf and bridge. What other games have such literature? If a man wants to play tennis he grabs a racket and goes out and has fun with a friend."

Mr. Brown drew a deep breath and went on to his main point—fun. "The best way to get fun out of golf is for a player to stay within his own capabilities. Take a typical golfer. He is fortyish and out of condition. He has limited muscular strength and doubtful coordination. He is constantly trying to do things he is physically incapable of doing. He is trying to turn his shoulders 45° while his hips go 90°; to uncock his wrists when his hands are hip-high in the downswing with 60° of his weight on his left foot. Why shouldn't he try to hit a golf ball as naturally and as easily as he would hit a baseball with a bat, his own way, with ease and relaxation and with pleasure? If you

continued on next page



"And I say again, Mr. Speaker, if baseball can save a law after the Senate, why are we left out in the cold?"

continued from page 11

ask this character to hit a baseball like Ted Williams he would think you were crazy, but you couldn't stop him from trying to hit a golf ball like Sam Snead.

"Watch men in their sixties playing golf. They become accurate, they forget power and they play better. Golf is a game of numbers, and a five made with a slice will always beat a six made in the image of Gene Littler.

"The average golfer will admit it's easy to get a bogey. Eighteen bogeys on a standard course will result in a score of 90. Mix in three pars, and you've got an 87. That would make a lot of golfers happy. The important thing is consistency, and the only way you can do it the same all the time is to do it the way that is easy, natural and the least effort. Don't worry about your slice—play with it until you can put it where you want it."



Mr. Brown began to reflect on some of the golfing delinquents he has known. "I used to play summers up in Eagle River, Wis.," he recalled, "and there was a man there in his sixties who had a slice. Sliced everything—drives, pitches, chips, run-ups, putts, everything. And he had perfect control of that slice. He could put it on a handkerchief in the middle of the fairway. He was tough—38 or 40 for nine holes.

"Well, the group there watched him for a while, and one day came over and said, 'Mr. B., I've been studying your game. I think something could be done about your slice.' Mr. B. looked that pro right in the eye and said, 'Young man, that slice has been with me for 52 years, and if you dare lay a hand on it, I'll have your job.'

"Look at Ed Furgol, a perfect example of a man playing golf his own way," Mr. Brown continued. "If he had believed that you can only hit a golf ball with a straight left arm and all that other nonsense he would have had to quit because in a golfing sense he had no left arm.

"Putting it into baseball terms, hit singles instead of home runs. This can be done without the physical gyrations which the experts urge. You don't need a full pivot, a full swing, a hip shift lateral or otherwise, or pronation of the wrists. By standing flat-footed, taking the club back as far as it is com-

fortable and hitting it a smart rap in the selected direction, an amazing result can be accomplished. One warning: When and if this works, it takes a great deal of character to refrain from belting it, just once. But if you have the character. . . .

"The fact is that in 15 minutes anybody can learn all he has to know to have fun in the game. The rest comes from playing. You can't learn consistency out of a book, or control from pictures. As you play you get better if—and only if—you are doing what is easy, relaxed and natural."

Amen.

FISH STORY

THIS IS THE WAY they were telling it in Chicago last week:

A North Shore couple (they mercifully leave out the names) recently took a fishing trip out West and returned with a magnificent king salmon large enough to feed a whole dinner party. Which is exactly what they decided to do with it. They invited 12 friends to share it one evening. They cooked it, glazed it, covered it with anchovies and olives and spread it as proudly across the dining-room table as if it were an orchid centerpiece.

Just before the guests arrived, the careful hostess took a quick swing through the dining room to assure her-

self that all was in order. When her eyes lit on the salmon, she let out a gasp; the family cat had eaten a swath the full length of the fish from head to tail. Since it was now too late to prepare something else, the only available remedy was some corrective surgery, which the housewife performed with great delicacy and a lot of additional mayonnaise. The salmon again looked good enough to eat.

In fact, the guests devoured it. They finally left around midnight, and the hostess went to the back door to let in the cat. She found the poor animal lying dead on the porch. The couple finally decided they would have to alert the guests who had eaten the same fish, so they phoned all 12 and urged them to repair immediately to the local hospital where a special crew was standing by with stomach pumps.

Between the morning hours of one and 2, the unhappy couple sat it out with their guests at the hospital, then returned drearily home. The next day they were awakened much too early by their next-door neighbor, who was looking mighty dejected. "I'm terribly sorry about your cat," he said. "I clipped him while backing out of the garage last night and must have killed him instantly. When I brought him over, I saw you were having a party, so I thought I'd better just leave him here on the porch until morning."

SPECTACLE

THE HEAT IS ON!

Baseball simmers as the National League tries to catch the Dodgers and five American League teams hold a hattle royal

With much of the U.S. sweltering under unusually high temperatures, major league baseball matched the weather with feverish action of its own. Although the Brooklyn Dodgers held a chilling margin (a dozen games or so) over their nearest rivals, the competition was not yet giving up. Dodger hitters suffered a steady diet of dusters, such as the one that hit Catcher Roy Campanella on the back of the neck (opposite page) last week and led to an official Brooklyn protest to League President Warren Giles. In the American League things were even more frenetic as no less than five teams ran pennant fever. The New York Yankees, Cleveland Indians, Chicago White Sox, Boston Red Sox and Detroit Tigers all tried to claw their way to the top of the standings. For a gallery of some of baseball's current headliners in action, see pages that follow.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK





Hard-hitting Pitcher Don Newcombe bolsters powerful Dodger attack

Off-injured Campanella takes Ruthian swing in bid for an extra-base hit





Newcombe whips arm around in game against Chicago Cubs for 16th win

Cards' Schoendienst rounds third sharply, saves steps en route home



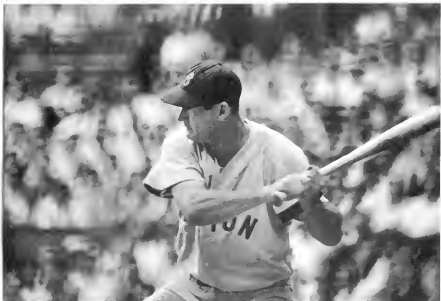


Grim-faced Mickey Mantle, like Yankee teammates, fights slump



Bonus Baby Al Kaline of Detroit Tigers tops majors in batting

Lanky Ted Williams (see "Conversation Piece," page 28) leads Red Sox





MINOR LEAGUE BASEBALL IN Portsmouth, Va., poses for its picture. Owner Frank Lawrence beams in left foreground. His team, the Portsmouth Meritones, consists of one bat boy, 19 bats,

playing-manager Kenny Guettler (shown, holding lineup) and 17 players. Behind the team, left, are ticket supervisor J. S. Fitzhugh (white hat) and three aides. To their right are custodian Willie (Butterbean)

Goodfellow, holding down new baseballs, and announcer Julius Benson, holding microphone. In the background are the two Piedmont League umpires assigned to the game. Beyond are Portsmouth stadium

CIVIL WAR IN VIRGINIA

One angry minor league club owner has rebelled against the major leagues. On his success or failure may rest the future of baseball

by ROBERT CREAMER

MINOR LEAGUE BASEBALL in Portsmouth, Va., is largely the care and responsibility of the portly, graying grandfather pictured on the left. His name is Frank Dudley Lawrence. He is a banker, the founder and president of Portsmouth's American National Bank, the largest and oldest surviving bank in the city. He is a businessman, with interests in several profitable concerns in Portsmouth. He is in the truest sense of the phrase a public-spirited citizen, with an abiding love for the city of Portsmouth. He was born there 84 years ago. His grandfather was mayor. He himself served for years on the city council. He married twice, fathered seven children, founded his bank at the age of 27 and fostered its growth to the point where it was largely responsible for the prevention of a bank panic in Portsmouth during the bank-failure years of the depression.

Yet, for all of this, for all the crowded detail of his years, the great passion of Frank Lawrence's life is baseball. He has been in it off and on since 1907, the year he graduated from high school, the year he began his banking career as a runner at \$5 a week. That year he took over the program concession for the Portsmouth club in the old Virginia League and made himself \$300. Now, almost 50 years later, he likes to say that this was the only money he ever made from baseball.

"We just don't make money in the minor leagues," said President Harold O. Totten of the storied Three-I League in Cedar Rapids, Ia., last week.

In the years that followed, Lawrence organized and managed a semipro team, became part owner and then

sole owner of the Portsmouth Truckers, sold Pie Traynor and Hack Wilson to the major leagues, became the friend of John McGraw, Connie Mack, Kenesaw Mountain Landis and other high men in baseball and, in 1928, was the bitter and disillusioned owner of a defunct franchise in a defunct league, as the Virginia League folded and died in the advent of the great depression.

Lawrence at 37 withdrew from baseball, burned his books, his papers, his pictures, kept nothing that reminded him of his baseball past except two photographs—one of his old semipro team and the other of Judge Landis—and his memories, which he could not burn. Seven years later, with the revival of baseball after the depression, Lawrence almost inevitably found himself back in the game as owner of the newly organized Portsmouth Cubs in the Piedmont League.

AFTER THE BLOW WAS OVER

This is his 21st consecutive season in the Piedmont League. The makeup of the league has changed, the name of his team has changed, the entire outlook of the minor leagues has changed. The constant growth of the late 30s and the boom years of the late 40s have given way to a steady, precipitous decline in attendance and gate receipts.

Two weeks ago the neighboring Norfolk Tars dropped out of the Piedmont League. Norfolk (the largest city in the league) had won four consecutive Piedmont pennants and just last year led in season's attendance with 130,000 (Portsmouth had 45,000). Nevertheless, Norfolk lost money; rumors said

continued on next page



superintendent Lewis Brown (dark shirt) and his two assistants. Equipment includes tractor, chalk-line marker, wooden frames for marking batter's boxes and movable backstop used in batting practice.

CIVIL WAR IN VIRGINIA

continued from page 19

\$100,000 in four years. Frank Lawrence obtained six players from Norfolk's roster, licked his wounds and carried on.

Here are the problems facing Frank Lawrence. His team, which has seldom finished out of the first division in its 20 years in the Piedmont League, has been a dull, dispirited seventh. His attendance is low (last year's 45,000 was the lowest ever). And though his gate receipts have dropped—even in the face of an inflated currency—to the dollar levels of the mid-30s, his operating expenses have not, despite their stark simplicity.

Where a big league club's management and service roster may run to 500 people—including directors, controllers, accountants, doctors, lawyers, groundkeepers, cleaners and ushers—Lawrence runs the Portsmouth Merri-mas with a crew of a dozen. Lawrence is president and treasurer, his wife is vice president, his sister is secretary. Ticket sales at the park are supervised by a personal friend, J. S. Pitchford, who is helped in the booths and at the

gates by a handful of friends and acquaintances. The city-owned Portsmouth Stadium is supervised and maintained by Lewis Brown, a city employee, and two helpers. These three men mow, water and rake the grass, mark base lines and coaches' and batters' boxes, clean out the stands after games, take care of the press box, the dugouts, the clubhouses and the rest rooms. Occasionally, they are obliged to meet other problems. Two weeks ago an automobile careened down a street outside the stadium in the early hours of the morning, crashed through the poured-concrete wall in right field, skidded across the outfield grass and came to a gentle stop near second base. Nobody was hurt, but a temporary barrier had to be erected over the hole in the fence and the tire tracks had to be raked down and smoothed out.

Two other volunteers, Julius Berson, an employee of Lawrence's bank, and Wilbe (Butterbean) Goodman, who works for Lawrence's son at the City Supply Company, are Lawrence's principal aides. They meet, aim at the bank before a game, go with him into a vault in the bank's basement, remove from it the programs, tickets, small change

and new baseballs required for the game. At the park Lawrence turns the tickets and change over to Pitchford, Goodman gives a dozen new baseballs to one of the two umpires scheduled to work the game, Berson hands the programs to the ticket men. Goodman persuades Lawrence to let Manager Kenny Guettler have a few extra used baseballs for fielding and batting practice. ("What does he need more baseballs for?" Lawrence grouches. "How many does he use anyway?")

Berson climbs to the press box on the roof, announces the lineup over the public-address system, flashes the balls, strikes and outs to the scoreboard in center field. Youngsters help out on the scoreboard by putting up the inning-by-inning score.

ONLY THE PLAYERS ARE PAID

No one is on the club payroll but the 17 players and the playing manager, though on occasion in the past, when a season wound up profitably, Lawrence has distributed largesse.

The payroll (\$4,600 a month, or an average of about \$270 a player, plus the manager's salary) is Lawrence's biggest expense. Second is the cost of transporting, housing and feeding the players on road trips, which averages more than \$500 a week over the season. Other major expenses include stadium rental of \$40 a game or 3½% of the gate receipts, whichever is the greater ("They're not going to be getting more than \$40 any game this year," says Lawrence), rental of the stadium lights for night games (\$5 an hour), repair and maintenance of equipment, league dues, laundry, baseballs and bats (close to \$2,000 a year for balls and \$400 for bats), supplies, including new uniforms each season, liability and workmen's compensation insurance, medical expenses, telegraph and telephone bills and the purchase of players.

The major part of Lawrence's baseball income are the gate receipts, though occasionally the sale of an outstanding player is a big help. A bit more comes in from Lawrence's cut (25%) on hot dogs and soft drinks. Exhibition games, advertisements and score-card sales also help.

But gate receipts are a team's lifeblood and because they are, Lawrence, like all baseball men, has sought the reason for their decline. Some blame the slide in minor league attendance on a natural leveling off after the boom years, the intense competition for today's amusement dollar, the great increase in the number of automobiles in use and the ease with which people



LAWRENCE SMILES as he watches Jones Goodman and Berson remove tickets,

small change and baseballs from bank vault before game. Ball bill each year is \$2,600.

can travel to benches and to other summertime diversions. They mention outdoor movies, horse racing, harness racing, golf, softball leagues, bowling leagues, Little Leagues, industrial sports activity, fishing and hunting and the tremendous attraction of television.

THE RISE AND FALL IN MINOR LEAGUES

Year	Number of Leagues	Number of Teams
1935	21	150
1937	37	249
1940	43	296
*1943	9	62
1946	42	310
1949	39	448
1952	43	324
1953 (July)	33	241

*Most minor leagues suspended play during World War II. 1943 marked the lowest point.

Some hold that minor league baseball is obsolete, that where it once was a necessary part of the baseball picture 1) to provide baseball entertainment for the hinterlands and 2) to serve as a source of supply of major league players, nowadays television brings baseball to the small cities and towns, and the majors can turn to Little Leagues, high schools, colleges, industrial leagues, semipro teams and the like for their player supply. Some feel that in a very few years only the high minors will survive to serve as a last training and polishing ground for the player on his way up to the majors.

Lawrence blames radio and television. He feels this way: He wants the Portsmouth Merrimacs and the Piedmont League to survive. He wants to stay in baseball. He says flatly that he cannot survive in the face of the competition provided by unrestricted broadcasting and telecasting of major league games into Portsmouth via game-of-the-day broadcasts and game-of-the-week telecasts, not, at least, without adequate compensation. Lawrence calls unrestricted radio and television a violation of the major-minor agreement that provides for the protection of a baseball club's territorial rights. His point is: Such broadcasting and telecasting of big league games into the Portsmouth territory sates the local fan's appetite for baseball and makes him that much less likely to go out to see the Portsmouth team play. This, according to Lawrence, deprives his team of money the fan would otherwise have paid to see Portsmouth play.

Lawrence has brought suit in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York against the Commissioner of Baseball, both major leagues and each of the 16 major league clubs for breach of contract. He asked for \$250,000 damages.

On June 22 a motion by the commissioner and the other defendants for dismissal of the suit was denied by Federal Judge Edward J. Dimock. *The Sporting News* commented: "The denial of a motion to dismiss the Portsmouth case means it will probably go to trial, or else the major leaguers will settle out of court with Lawrence."

A settlement out of court would most likely have as great an effect on the future of baseball as a decision either way in a trial.

Meanwhile Frank Lawrence continued to growl. "The majors are eating their young," he said. "We can't survive without help."

Some help came to the Portsmouth club two weeks ago in the form of the players obtained from Norfolk. They added skill and spirit to the Merrimacs and helped to wallop third-place Lancaster (Pa.) four games out of five, as Portsmouth set new attendance records

for 1955 on four successive days: 1,102, 1,305, 1,366 and 1,512.

The 1,512 crowd, set at a Sunday double header, broke down to 813 general admissions at 50 cents, 239 children's admissions at 30 cents and 460 season-ticket admissions (which were sold before the season began at \$10 a ticket).

A \$500 GATE

Total receipts for the day, not prorating the season-ticket sale, were \$478.20. The home team keeps all gate receipts in the Piedmont League. Lawrence's share of concessions sales was about \$80.

As Lawrence walked off across the infield after the game, a friend came up to him and said, "Pretty good crowd today, Cap'n Frank."

"It was better," Lawrence said, "but it still wasn't good, Slim. You can't break even on \$500 a game."

From the grandstand a man shouted, "You got 'em on the run, Frank!"

Lawrence waved his arm in response. Then he said, "I don't know. I'm getting pretty tired. I got a good ball club now. But I'm beginning to wonder whether it's all worth while." (ENR)



LAWRENCE FROWNS as he watches flight of foul ball past screen and back

into stands. "Damn," Lawrence mutters as another new baseball is lost from play.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

TORPOR AND TEMPEST

Race Week at Larchmont, N.Y. attracted 400 sailors and 400 boats this year and offered a vivid study in contrast, as these Morris Rosenfeld photographs show, with a heavy sail-tearing squall one day glassy windless calm the next





ASCOT TRADITIONALS

Regardless of how the thoroughbreds run, venerable tradition dictates picture hats



MODISHLY TILTED STRAW adorns the Begum, wife of the toppered Aga Khan.



NATURAL STRAW, loaded with marguerites, is worn by Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayser.



PRINTS AND PEARLS are choice of Royal Family as part of traditional Ascot dress. The Queen wears the picture hat since custom dictates her fare should always be visible.



PRODUCTION HAT of Mrs. Marina Wilkinson's is black with ostrich feathers.



OPENWORK STRAW with ripple brim is worn prettily by Miss Barbara Flower.

CALIFORNIA CAR CLOTHES

Proud of their jewel-toned sports cars,
Westerners wear matching hues, symbols

California is lapping the rest of the U.S. in fashions which complement their jewel-toned sports cars. Not since the day of the duster and the automobile veil have there been clothes planned so specifically for life in an open car: snug-fitted hoods to protect the hair, car coats cut short to be out of the way, slim trousers to facilitate getting in and out of bucket seats with grace. And the men who drive sports cars have a British air about them, with visored caps which shade the eyes and cling to the head, tweed hacking jackets with side vents and tab-closing lapels and insulating crew-neck sweaters. Whether to work, to market, or to weekend outing, the clothes a tach watcher wears are as colorful and roadworthy as the machines they drive everywhere they go.



CANVAS CAR COAT (Jane Ford) and pants of the same check as the flag on her Thunderbird are worn by Mara Breech in front of bank of red California geraniums.



ROAD CAP and Shetland sweater worn by Jack Hanson complement his white Jaguar, as do Sally Condie's striped rag top with hood and tapered black pants (Jax).

BLACK JERSEY HELMET is taken off by Jimmy Mitchell upon arrival at lemon grove picnic ground. Camel Bermuda shorts and olive cotton shirt tune-in with husband Tommy Mitchell's tweed hacking jacket and their beige MG.



CAR COAT, print cotton blouse and flannel slacks (White Stag) repeat the aquamarine color scheme of Christie Hockenham's Thunderbird.

ENGLISH ROADSTER CAP (Curroll & Co., worn by Tommy Mitchell, matches hacking jacket with button tab at neckline, cuffed sleeves.





Sea Landry

CALIFORNIA WATER SKI CLOTHES show a penchant for dressing to match from trunks to skis. At Newport Beach, Calif., 12-year-old Bobby Mann of Monterey Park and his 8-year-old sister Marcia promenade across the ocean in Jantzen's Sea Tartan suits made of the same plaid cotton that has been laminated onto the surface of their Aqua-Glides. Skis come in five suit-matching patterns or as match-it-yourself kits.



CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT:

Baseball's greatest modern hitter

GIVE TED WILLIAMS a message for me," the Washington cab driver said. "Tell him I hacked in Boston for 15 years and all the cabbies there love him. Whatta nice guy!"

A few minutes later, in his hotel room, Ted Williams beamed with delight at the compliment and its origin. Yet he was almost indifferent to other words of praise he had received that morning from a local sportswriter who called him "the most interesting man in baseball today," citing his sparking of the Boston Red Sox team, his willingness to help other players and his superslugging.

"When somebody says nice things about me, it goes in one ear and out the other," Williams said, "but I remember the criticism longest. I hate criticism—and the sportswriters who write the way they feel instead of what they've actually seen.

"Everybody tried to make a hero out of me when I was in Korea. There were from 60 to 100 pilots in our two squadrons and I think that 99% of them did a better job than I did. I certainly was the least 'Gung Ho.'

"Not that I ever had any doubts about my own ability as a pilot, but in aviation I feared two things. I wasn't too well trained in instrument flying and I was forever worried about running into instrument weather which I didn't know too much about. It's been proven the only way to become an instrument flyer is through practice and experience.

"My other fear was that the damn plane would blow up and I'd have to bail out—because I knew I'd leave my kneecaps in the cockpit—I was cramped in so tight. I'd have to bail out with a can opener."

The memory of himself hunched up in the close quarters of a Panther jet seemed to make the 6-foot 4-inch former Marine captain squirm in his chair. Williams has often said he hates confinement of any kind, emotional or physical. He never wears a necktie if he can help it, but prefers open-necked sports shirts, one of which he was wearing.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT ROGER

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

TED WILLIAMS

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPOL

pauses for a look over the career that brought a fortune and, after a hard start, friends

"I don't like to go anyplace I have to wear a tie. The hell with it, why should I? I can go someplace else just as good. Naturally there are some places you're going to have to wear one—I had to wear one in the Marines, but boy, I sure didn't wear it when I didn't have to."

Williams was in Washington with the ball team for two days. He glanced over to a corner of the room at his opened suitcase. His clothes weren't unpacked, although they were neatly folded.

"I just send out whatever I'm going to wear and have it pressed," he admitted, like a big kid who can buy himself a treat anytime he wants to. "It's easier that way."

In things that matter to him, perfectionist Ted Williams doesn't do them the easy way.

"They say the secret of my hitting is natural ability and my good eyesight," he lashed out. "A lot of people have as good eyesight as I have (20-15) and probably better, and still they're always ready to say 'eyesight's the reason he does it and natural ability.' That's so easy to say and to give credit for. They never talk about the practice. Practice! Practice! Practice! Dammit, you gotta practice!"

A nonsmoker, he got up and walked around the room while his words gained momentum.

"Ask anybody who had anything to do with T. S. Williams and they'll tell you he practiced more than anybody. Joe Cronin'll tell you that I hit before the games and after the games. There's never been a hitter who hit more baseballs than Williams. Hell, when I was a kid, I used to get to the schoolhouse before the janitor opened the doors. I'd get the balls and bat, and practice. Then at lunch time, I'd run home, one, two, three, four, five blocks, and grab a bunch of fried potatoes and run back to school before anybody was through eating; and I was practicing again. Always practicing."

He sat down and was quiet for a moment. Throughout his baseball career, Williams has shied away from dis-

cussing his family. His parents were separated when he was a boy, and he lived with his mother and brother in his hometown, San Diego, Calif. From the beginning, apparently, home plate was a refuge for Williams.

"My early interest in baseball," he explained, "must have been boyhood enthusiasm or something. I liked to do it. There wasn't anything about it that I was going to be a great baseball player or anything in the future. It was just something that I liked to do."

"I was a funny-looking kid, a string bean, a terribly scrawny-looking thing. I certainly had no muscles. My mother used to get notes from the health officer, 'this kid is underweight; tonsils need checking, everything.'"



WILLIAMS' RECORD GRIP

TED WILLIAMS' brilliant career was interrupted by almost five years of service in the Marines. Despite the loss, the slugger with the strong left-handed grip was able to compile one of baseball's great batting records, second in all-round accomplishment only to Babe Ruth:

LIFETIME BATTING AVERAGE, .347, fourth behind Ty Cobb, Hornsby, Joe Jackson

HOME RUNS, 360, or 1 per 16 times at bat, tied with Jimmy Foxx behind Ruth. Kier

RUNS BATTED IN, 1,422, or 1 per 4 times at bat, second behind Ruth

RUNS SCORED, 1,423 or 1 per 4 times at bat, second behind Ruth

WALKS, 1,343*, or 1 per 4.86 times at bat, highest average ever

*At end of 1954 season

"I was awfully self-conscious as a kid—about everything—the way I looked and the things I didn't have that some of the other kids did. Still I wasn't the poorest kid in the neighborhood. There were some poorer. My mother had to work, and of course, she couldn't be around the home as much as she wanted to be. She was only interested in baseball because of me. She didn't think I'd get hurt in baseball."

"I used to spend all my time at the playground. I was 14, 15, 16. Rod Lusk, who was about ten years older than I, was playground director. He was a baseball nut too, and in his heart I think he wanted to be a big league player; but he used to just love to play and practice. He'd pitch to me. I'd pitch to him. I was a pitcher in those days. Rod gave me the competition I needed. He'd bear down on me and try to get me out. I'd bear down on him. He was a perfect guy to have around the playground for a kid like me. He's the athletic director of the 11th Naval District now."

RELUCTANT SCHOLAR

"In school, I wasn't much of a student—a little below the other kids. I never pushed myself at all. I always took subjects that I wouldn't have much homework in because I wanted more time for hitting. I took shop and things like that. I'm just lucky I didn't get my hands cut off," Williams grinned. He looked down at his powerful, but strikingly well-groomed hands. "I wasn't very good at shop," he said. "I used to make my own bass plugs, but I didn't have enough money to buy a rod and reel or anything like that. I've always liked to get outdoors, to hunt and fish. Of course as a kid I didn't do too well. Chick Rotter, the fellow next door, used to take me fishing. And Mr. Cassie, across the street, he'd take me fishing. His own boy didn't like to fish. Mr. Cassie and I would go fishing and fish the whole damn night for croakers in the surf. We'd wade knee-deep and get all wet, but we didn't mind. I think

continued on page 56

I'D RATHER WATCH FISH

A famous author-sportsman looks over the side of his fishing boat and discovers a submarine world so fascinating that he has abandoned his rod for a glass bucket

by PHILIP WYLIE

IN a lifelong quest for fish, many a sportsman will gradually change from an angler to what I call a fish watcher. Of course, most fishermen die in harness—no figure of speech where deep-sea angling is concerned; but some become more interested in fish themselves than in catching fish. Just the other day, for example, I learned that a current research expedition will spend five years off the South and Central American coasts under the aegis of an eastern oil executive who, until lately, was a big-game angler, pure and simple. Now he is a fish watcher.

Fresh-water anglers, especially those who seek trout, have long had a concern for the life cycle and habitat of their favorite fish. But an interest in fish that is motivated by the hope of a loaded creel does not describe the true "fish watcher"; he is likely to find his reels stored away in grease from one year to the next. It is more exhilarating to him to find out about the submarine world than to catch samples with a hook.

What's the spell?

I know the day it began for me. We were trolling over the big reef outside the middle Florida Keys—in the open sea, some miles offshore. The morning was fair and the fishing fine—until the breeze died away entirely. We trolled after that in a sea as slick as blue enamel, so smooth you could see the wake of the outrigger baits, let alone of the boat, for a thousand yards astern. Then the engine conked out and we drifted. We were impatient until somebody happened to look over the side—and down.

There, 50 feet below, was the bottom, the reef—vivid in the clean Gulf Stream water—and there were the fish that had stopped biting in the calm: amberjacks, grouper, "cudas, big snappers and the rest. There, too, were smaller fish by the thousands, the tens of thousands, fish as brightly colored as Christmas tree ornaments. All around them was the unearthly landscape of living coral, the many colored miniature cordilleras, with sand "deserts" between. On the sand, rays dozed, half buried; sharks swam above. Under a natural bridge of coral a huge jewfish lay. All that afternoon, until an onshore breeze ruffled the surface and spoiled our fun, we leaned over the gunwales and just looked. Nobody even thought of lowering a hatch to see if the fish would bite down there: nobody wanted to ruin the view by bringing a splashing fish to boat.

What bemused me afterward, as I meditated a spectacle I knew I could never forget, was my ignorance. I'd just seen corals (I supposed they were) of a hundred forms and as many colors: the reef looked as if a boatload of dye had foundered upon it. And I had seen 50 varieties of fish and other animal life to which I could give no

name. Yet—for years and years—I'd been trolling over just such spots as that!

It was easy to find books which helped with fish identification; it was much harder to learn the names of the madrepores and millepores, the corals, anemones and sponges which gave the reef its lunar aspect. At about that time, however, I built a house on Biscayne Bay and discovered my sea wall supported a miniature cross section of reef life. After that, on almost any calm day I might be seen lying on my lawn on my belly, my head projecting over the wall, watching; and on any calm night I might also be found in the same place—with a powerful flashlight.

In my case, the next step came with the glass-bottomed bucket. I'd taken my family to Bimini in the Bahamas with a view to marlin fishing. But I developed a secondary sport which I herewith commend to any fish-interested swimmer. The beach at Bimini is sandy but a few yards offshore lie patches of coral only a yard or two under mean tide. Simply by hooking my chin over the rim of the bucket (which I padded soon, when my chin wore out), by grasping the opposite rim with both hands, and by kicking my feet, I turned myself into a glass-bottomed boat.

The little inshore reefs are the habitat of many of the young of deep-water species. They are also a dwelling place of great numbers of the most gorgeous fishes that live: beaugregories and other demoiselles, butterflyfish, wrasses and so on.

Skin-diving equipment, of course, has enabled bold swimmers to do their watching at the fish's level; but "bucket fishing," as we called my sport, is highly recommended for all who can swim and care to see sights that are beautiful, astonishing—and sometimes startling, like wrasses persistently trying to nibble your legs, or finding yourself face to face with a barracuda five feet long!

In casual and innocent ways the angler can become a fish watcher. It doesn't have to happen to him in the sea or in the tropics. He may be a man with a rowboat dock in a fresh-water pond in Wisconsin who happens, on some pellucid afternoon, to look down into the green weeds and minnow schools and starts to wonder. He may be a man with a house on a brook or one with a salt-water marsh in his backyard; anglers are usually the ones who become fish watchers merely because angling takes them where fish are.

As the enterprise took an increasing hold on me I gave decreasing attention to fishing, per se. What boots it to catch the hundred-and-umpenths sailfish if instead, by patience, one can actually watch sailfish swimming about at peace in the depths, or behold them schooling up—

continued on page 45



THE TRANQUIL ANGLER

SPORT IN ART

THIS CONTEMPLATIVE gentleman leaning against a willow on the bank of a purling stream, attended by his servant, was painted on silk by Yang Jih-yen in the peaceable kingdom of China in the Sung dynasty 700 years ago. The spirit is philosophic, and then, as now, the fisherman could prop up his rod and pursue his own thoughts. The style of painting, monochrome on neutral ground, reached its zenith in this period.



MAIN STABLES, neighboring the Clark mansion, once housed some top names in American racing history, is still maintained in spotless condition.

GENTLEMAN FARMER

A traditional figure in the world of horsemen now enjoys a more peaceful life on his rich and beautiful New York farm

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONNY JAKUES

TEXT BY WHITNEY TOWER

As he reaches his 75th birthday this week, F. Ambrose Clark—horseman, farmer and owner of 5,000-acre Iroquois Farm above the Susquehanna Valley at Cooperstown, N.Y.—may happily reminisce on a life which has been described as America's only counterpart of a wealthy, generous and beloved English squire. A leading amateur steeplechase rider in his youth, Clark has led the life of a horseman for 58 years. Now, however, when not at the races, he gains most of his pleasure from driving peacefully around his farm, which in addition to housing one of the last great private collections of carriages, serves as a home for former Clark thoroughbreds and as a perfect farm site for the Iroquois herd of Herefords, Yorkshire pigs and purebred Shropshire sheep. Contemplating the busy state of affairs at Iroquois today, Clark says, "They call this place self-supporting. Well, it costs me a great deal of money to support it. Gentleman farmers don't make any money, although some say they do."



AMBROSE CLARK at one favorite noontime diversion. "Confound it," he said, "champagne is good any time."





MR. AND MRS. CLARK AND GUESTS DRIVE OFF IN A BRONSON WAGON MADE BY BREWSTER OVER 50 YEARS AGO

THOROUGHBREDS which once carried the blue and yellow Clark racing colors now enjoy a more relaxing existence on Iroquois Farm's 5,000 acres of rolling and fertile countryside above the picturesque New York Susquehanna Valley.





CARRIAGE HOUSE, built in 1901, contains Clark's priceless collection of wagons. Inside are several tack rooms and special stable for his standard-bred harness horses.



BLACKSMITH George Jackson, surrounded by varnished woodwork and freshly laid straw, works on the shoes of a Clark harness

horse. Rubber under the shoe is changed daily to stand the wear and tear of driving long hours over Coopers-town's hard roads.



HARNESS ROOM holds one of the world's foremost collections of driving equipment. Literally unavailable today, one pair of

harnesses would cost \$1,000 to replace in England. Other end of room contains cases for bits, extra buckles and kidney links.



FAMOUS CARRIAGES, some built before 1900, stand waiting to be admired—or driven. Collection includes country

horougham, spider phaeton, show gig, Irish shiloh and wagonette break. Mr. Clark drives them all equally well.



AT MORNING EXERCISE two harness horses not required for driving are led around a mist-shrouded paddock by Stable Hands Melvin Howe and Conny Quinn.

"It's the last magazine I'd ever give up!"

Dear Charter Subscriber:

Maybe you don't feel quite so strongly about your charter subscription to SI as does Mr. John M. Kingman of Boston. Says he:



"Here with a renewal of my subscription, a gift subscription, and a new order for a Scotch golfer friend. I don't like to hunt or fish and I certainly don't race automobiles, but there is so much of everything in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that almost any man can get his fill of fascinating reading. The illustrations in color are the best I have ever seen—how you do all this and get the current issue to us so hot. I'll never know. It's the last magazine I'd ever give up. Congratulations!"

Maybe your feelings are a little closer to those of Mrs. Ruth M. Stimson of Willoughby, Ohio, who just renewed her charter subscription for two years, saying:



"SI is everything a family could wish for, especially a family such as mine whose interests are so very diversified. My own interest is that of breeding and raising thoroughbred dogs, and you can imagine my surprise and delight when I found articles of interest to me. Now, although SI was intended for my two men, I read it before passing it on to them."

Or maybe you're a dyed-in-the-wool, veteran sportsman like George Goulding, Canadian Winner in the Olympic Games at Stockholm in 1912. He writes:



"When I asked my son if he wanted a renewal of his subscription he was emphatic: 'By all means.' He claims it is most useful to him as a college football and basketball coach. 'I too find the magazine very interesting as it helps bring back memories of the old days in Madison Square Garden and numerous U.S. cities.'"

Or maybe your feelings are closer to those of some of our other charter subscribers who are quoted in the column at the right.

We're fairly sure, though, from the rate at which renewals from other charter subscribers have been coming in, that you will want to be sure you don't miss a single issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. So we'd like to remind you that many one-year charter subscriptions to SI will be up for renewal two weeks from today.

We can't say exactly what you'll find in your copies when they reach you, for as you know we try to keep right on top of all the wonderful and unpredictable news of every week in the world of sport.

We can say, however, that we already have a wealth of background articles and color pictures to supplement the news of all the fall and winter sports. For example, we have already had correspondents and photographers in Australia to prepare for the job of covering what may well be the greatest sports event of the decade—the 1956 Olympics.

So if, like Mr. Kingman, or Mrs. Stimson, or Mr. Goulding, or most other SI charter subscribers, you too are determined not to miss a single issue, we know you won't mind if we remind you that the address is:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois—and be sure to watch the mail for your renewal notice.

Yours sincerely,

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
Circulation Department

Some of the reasons
Charter Subscribers
are giving us
for renewing
their subscriptions:

- "Fun to read."
- "Wonderful color photography."
- "Quickly keeps me up to date."
- "World wide coverage."
- "Picture content outstanding."
- "Would have to read many books and magazines to get the same information."
- "Fine, clean magazine."
- "Reminders of what happened many years ago."
- "Greater perspective than is possible in day to day reporting."
- "Even sports I knew nothing about I now read with interest."
- "News that is fresh like Indianapolis Speedway covered in less than a week."
- "Fearless presentation of living situation."
- "Wonderful features from famous golf wives."
- "Just tell them to keep up the good work."
- "Complete coverage of major sports."
- "Stories on people inside sports news and available elsewhere."
- "Experts—better ones. Inside story. Personal touch and background."
- "Unique approach—good writing with class."
- "Complete. All statistics."
- "Ordinary layman able to understand all sports better."
- "Better insight."
- "Weekly summary makes good review."
- "Stuff I like to read."
- "More personal contact between a million, sport and public."

BIG-TIME GOLF'S BIG SUGAR DADDY

Flamboyant, shrewd, and a fast man with a buck, George S. May of Tam O'Shanter is professional golf's most controversial promoter. The question is: are his shenanigans good for golf?

by JACK MABLEY

IN THE pleasant world of golf, which for most of its 5 million habitués in the United States still provides a pastoral refuge from an increasingly efficient civilization, the florid figure of George S. May, owner and operator of Chicago's Tam O'Shanter course and its annual "World Championship of Golf," obtrudes like a brass band at a church picnic. A promoter by instinct and a business engineer by profession, May is as controversial as the tuba player who insists on getting lost in Dixieland. To some he is a money-grubbing exploiter of a grand old game; to others a great-hearted benefactor of those who help to make golf headlines. There is no middle ground between these two extremes except, perhaps, for May himself. He points with pride to achievements which are indubitably impressive, and with becoming modesty to his own self—a man who is no golfer but has the best interests of golf at heart, a businessman who argues with convincing monetary logic that business methods benefit the sport.

Besides running a golf club as efficient as a chromium-plated bar and grill, May, as he sees it, has done more to promote professional golf in America than any man since Walter Hagen won the British Open 33 years ago and thereby launched the big-time spectator interest in golf on this side of the

ocean. He has popularized the big gallery at pro golf tournaments and made them profitable propositions. His annual "World Championship" tourney draws the biggest gates and the best golfers in the country, competing for the largest prizes ever offered. The exhibition tours on which he sends his winners undoubtedly have brought the game home to thousands who do not have much chance to see fine players in action; and incidentally have promoted business for the George S. May Co., the business engineering firm which May heads. The only question is this: Is all this good for golf?

A DOUGH BOY

Around this question, emotions seethe. May is damned for coldly turning golf into a business; it is plain that he is in it strictly for the money. But he is also praised for bringing thousands of new fanatics to the game. His commercialism is decried; but golfers scamper for his money. His flamboyancy is scorned; yet 30 businessmen of the Professional Golf Association Advisory Committee honored him recently by appointing him an honorary chairman. The only point on which all who are interested in golf must perforce agree is that, like it or not, May set new standards in tournament golf through the unprecedented size of his prizes which in turn have



RESPLENDENT IN ONE OF THE ISLAND SPORTS

stimulated increases in other tournament rewards. For the hard-core fact of the matter is that May has the money which pro golf needs and that under the May system, the more he spends on the game the more keeps coming back into the till.

The reason for this is that May has seen to it that Tam O'Shanter, George May, the Tam golf tournaments and exhibitions and the George S. May Co. have all become inextricably interwoven in the public mind. Everything he does for golf works also, in a quite obvious way, for the promotion of his business engineering firm. In this field, he knows virtually no limits—in 1951 he boasted to a Congressional investigating committee, for example, that his firm regularly



SHIRTS WHICH HE MADE HIS TRADEMARK. GEORGE S. MAY STANDS PROUDLY AT THE 16TH GREEN BEFORE TAM O'SHANTER'S CLUBHOUSE

places an advertisement every three weeks in every daily newspaper in the U.S. He views the Tam O'Shanter tournaments no less realistically: With this year's attendance at his "World Championship" competition, which begins with the All-American tournament on August 4, estimated at 200,000 for the 11-day show, the company figures not simply to break even at a gate fee of \$3 a head but, as usual, to reap a huge promotional dividend. "It's a back door to get business for the May Co.," May says. "The more I put into prizes, the more business the company makes. I can prove it."

This year, May has invested \$212,200 in the Tam O'Shanter tourney. The winner of the "World Championship of Golf" will be handed a check for

\$50,000. He will also be offered a contract to play 50 exhibitions for the May Co. during the coming year, at \$1,000 per. As he travels over the country, May Co. salesmen will act as his advance guard, showering free tickets on chambers of commerce and on every businessman who might be a prospect for a May Co. efficiency overhaul. If things go as they have in recent years, May can expect an increase of more than 12% in his West Coast business alone. And, of course, gate receipts at Tam will total around \$450,000.

George May started on the road toward this bonanza by purest chance in 1937, when the Tam O'Shanter clubhouse burned down. He had joined the club largely for social reasons some eight years before, and had long been

distressed by its casual accounting methods and slipshod billing and collecting. To a mind long geared to full exploitation of the dollar, it was obvious that things could be run better.

May, with a background of energetic salesmanship and organization, was the man for the job. Born on a farm near Windsor, Ill., young George left home at the age of 19 to make a living selling Bibles. Billy Sunday was touring the nation in those days, and May used him as an unwitting advance man to soften up his prospects. Wherever Billy Sunday had just been, George May soon was—and it usually required only the gentlest sort of sales pitch to persuade the customers that now was the time to buy the Holy Writ.

continued on page 60



BATHING BEACH by one of America's greatest artists, George Bellows, is a masterful example of his skill in lithography. He found material for his black lithograph crayon in the same colorful scenes that inspired his paintings. Like his friends Prendergast, Davies and Woodbury (following pages), he loved the beach and its sunny, gay atmosphere. This picture of a crowded strand and the happy people on it was sketched by Bellows during a summer spent in Newport in 1917.



"BATHING, MAHLEHEAD" by Maurice Prendergast, is a gay and colorful scene of a happy day at the beach.

SPORT IN ART

BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA

After the turn of the century bathers—and painters—took to the water

When this brave new world turned the corner of the century in 1900 it shook off many old conventions, not least of which was a distaste for getting wet when bathing. With the diminishing bulk of the bathing suits came an increase in the desire to wear them, and daring young moderns found they could really swim. A day at the beach became the popular American custom it is today. At the time of this emancipation of the incipient sportsman the world of art was also undergoing a

liberation. Young American painters, with a new outlook, made a final break with Victorianism, embraced the sunlit painting of the Impressionists in France, and painted life about them without a heavy veil of dull colors and the binding rule of conservatism. The burgeoning beaches naturally attracted them. On these pages the work of three of these men—Maurice Prendergast, Arthur B. Davies and Charles H. Woodbury—shows the delight of a swim at the seashore during the '20s.

"BRIGHT DAY, BATHERS," by Arthur B. Davies, is a simple statement of the pleasure of play in the rolling curl under the great encompassing dome of blue sky.



"SURF, NARROW COVE" is Charles H. Woodbury's vignette of crashing sea, rocks and a few bright dots of humanity scattered like bobbing corks in the maelstrom.



BOTH PAINTINGS FROM ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART, ANDOVER

FISH WATCHING

continued from page 39

apparently to mate; or study a sailfish that chooses—for no comprehensible reason, to lie at the surface, his vast "sail" spread until wind and sun dry it out completely?

Catching a common shark, as a rule, is a dull sport; watching a shark feed naturally in its own cerulean world is something else! And feeding fish simply to attract them in numbers becomes an extraordinary diversion. Indeed, on the island of Bimini there is now a glass-bottomed boat that is probably the most popular sea-going sports vessel in the Bahamas. A trip in this vessel to the reef outside is regarded by many first-time viewers as the most breath-taking experience in their lives.

The watcher of fishes sees so much that is mysterious and unexplained that he often turns to books first for an answer, and finally to the authors of such books, the scientists. He thus finds himself allied with the researchers. That is what happened to Mr. Lou Marron, who financed the South American expedition mentioned earlier. It happened to Michael Lerner, president of the International Game Fish Association, who established a laboratory in Bimini for the American Museum of Natural History. Other marine research stations, laboratories, institutes and the like have been founded in California, Texas and elsewhere by anglers who took to watching fish.

Marineland, the gigantic "aquaria" south of St. Augustine, is simply ocean "fish watching" brought ashore and made available to the general public. Its immense success is evidence of the latent urge for this sport. Silver Springs, in Florida, is a fish watcher's paradise; and at Homosassa Springs, in the same state, a glass-walled tunnel takes tourists underwater for a fish-eye view of fish. The voyage of the raft *Koa-Tiki* across the Pacific was, above all else, a constant adventure in observing the life of the sea.

Where does all this fish watching lead? It doesn't provide the excitement of a screaming reel and hissing line; it doesn't put fresh mackerel or pompano on the dinner table.

The sport of observation leads, however, to as exciting adventures—and to adventures far more diverse. That goes without saying, of course, if the angler puts on a face mask and flippers and dives overboard to do his watching among the fish. The less enterprising fish watcher, however, has his moments, too.

I know one, for example, who had his skull upset by a huge tiger shark which, fortunately, left its teeth marks in the bow of the boat rather than the stern of the man thrown overboard. And if the fish watcher doesn't bring home any bacon, he may still help the world to eat better. Fish watchers—scientists and laymen together—have located many new sea-food treasures, including some vast and as yet un-

or an orchid-bung glade in a rainy forest. The sea around is cobalt, or it is green as jade; the reef is lavishly decorated with "flowers" planted by paint-crazy Nature; the fish themselves and the rest of the living things are exquisite as butterflies, even when they weigh a half ton.

I well remember my last blue marlin. Not big: 330 pounds. We cut up the carcass to feed fish that some scientists were keeping alive—and threw the head off the dock into the bay. The next day, while hunting sea shells

NEWEST FAD FOR FISH WATCHERS



FISH WATCHING RAFT, viewed from man's-eye (left) and fish's-eye level, combines comfort with safety, permits viewer equipped with snorkel and mask to spy on marine life below through porthole in heavy canvas. Available at Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y.



tapped resources. We've also learned, for instance, a great deal about fish which has been of inestimable value to the scientists. We have found, by experiment, that if a food fish is tossed into a captive community of larger fish, and if it escapes their first appalling rush, it is left alone to become an accepted resident of the community—which is the way people act, too, quite often. And, through glass-bottomed buckets and boats, we have found that some such "citizenship"—though perilous—seems to be available to all fishes, everywhere, most of the time. For the depths of seas and lakes and ponds are not disordered submarine stage sets, the constant background for massacre, mayhem, cannibalism and bloodletting—as almost everybody rather shudderingly supposes.

Sure, fish are predatory and, sure, they eat each other. But, most of the time, they are peaceable creatures that live in an environment as beautiful as a temple with stained-glass windows—

on the beach, I came upon that head—the eyes still limpid and inquiring, the incredible blue hues of the gill covers still luminous. I sat down on the stratified beach sand rock, remembering what I'd seen of the reef and the other places where marlin swim, and I wondered why I'd dragged him out of his elegant domain and done him in.

Since then, I haven't fished for blue marlin. It isn't a moral matter: I might, if the mood hit me, set a bone-fish dancing behind a charter boat any afternoon. And I enjoy watching others catch a first marlin as much as I enjoyed my own first one. But it struck me then, and the feeling has not yet changed, that I would rather learn fish than fish, rather watch than catch. That's why I'm more apt nowadays to be seen peering into the water in the company of an ichthyologist, or swimming around with my head in a glass-bottomed pail, than to be found with a six-nine outfit in my hands and a bait dancing astern. I'm a fish watcher. A terrific sport! (END)

HORSES

by REGINALD WELLS

THE HAMBLETONIAN, GREATEST
OF U.S. HARNES RACING EVENTS,
WILL BE RUN NEXT WEDNESDAY,
AND SCOTT FROST SHOULD WIN

ONCE each year, in the lazy heat of early August, the elm-shaded village of Goshen, N.Y. (pop. 3,311) swells with a meandering crowd of outsiders who move through its narrow streets to a race track that becomes, for the day, the epicenter of the harness racing world. Next Wednesday some 25,000 followers of the trotters will meet at the Good Time track to witness the 39th running of the greatest and richest light harness racing event in America—the \$100,000 Hambletonian Stake.

The Hambletonian is the crowning event of a booming sport. Ever since a horse named Yankee trotted to the first accepted record (a mile in 2:59 at Harlem, N.Y.) in 1896, light harness racing has been a favorite American spectacle. Today it is a multi-million dollar business which yearly attracts more than 19,000,000 fans to race tracks and county fairs all over the nation. In New York State alone attendance at harness-horse meetings last year totaled 5,026,168 (more than flat racing) with a pari-mutuel handle of \$269,510,458.

GREATEST SIRE NEVER RACED

Goshen was trotting's cradle in America more than 150 years ago. In 1801 an imported thoroughbred named Messenger came to this village via Philadelphia. By some curious phenomenon of nature, he was found to be able to hand down to his descendants the remarkable characteristics of speed at the trotting gait. One of his third generation descendants was a horse named Hambletonian, born in 1849 of what one biographer called, "a rag-tailed, hollow-backed, big-headed, ugly horse by the name of Abdallah."

No beauty himself, Hambletonian made so little impression on his owner that he was sold, together with his mother, for \$125. But though he never raced in his life, he turned out to be an extraordinary sire. His get quickly showed themselves to be the fastest trotters afoot. Before he died in 1876 Hambletonian serviced a phenomenal 1,908 mares, getting 1,331 foals and earning immortality as the dominant sire of all time. Ninety-nine percent of

all harness horses racing today trace directly to him in the male line. He also earned his owner \$200,000 and for himself the distinction of having the great stake named after him.

Luck plays a large part in a race like the Hambletonian. Run off in three or four heats, it is contested over a triangular-shaped track with a very sharp first turn. To win, a horse must be first in two out of three heats. If a different horse wins each heat a fourth heat is run off between the three winners.

This year, unless the favorite Scott Frost makes a clean sweep, it looks as though the trot derby may go the full four heats for the first time since 1934, largely because there are four top horses entered instead of the usual one or two. There will be a smaller field this year, too, due to the fact that only four monies are being offered instead of six.

Essentially the race has to be played the way it unfolds. No preconceived strategy is much good. At the start there is a dash for a good position, preferably the "garden spot" right behind the leading horse. This is the most coveted position because the horse and sulky in front shield the wind.

Then skill takes over. Drivers must "message" their horses over the meas-

ured mile, carefully pacing them against time and the distance still to go. As quarter- and half-mile posts flick by, they check a stop watch hidden in the palm of their left hand, making split-second moves and decisions to the time clock.

To enter a horse in the Hambletonian an owner must nominate it as a yearling for a \$10 fee; keep it in as a two-year-old by posting \$200; post another \$250 when it is a three-year-old and pay a \$1,000 entrance fee before the race. About 500 horses were nominated for the 1955 Hambletonian, but all except 68 have since dropped out. Of these about 10 will probably start.

Scott Frost, a snip-nosed bay colt with a small star on his head is the expert's favorite. Although he yawns every five minutes and has such an unorthodox, windmill hind action that he needs a custom-built sulky, he can romp it if he gets no bad breaks. Owned by S. A. Camp, a cotton-and-potato farmer from Shafter, Calif., the winter book favorite is all a great trotter should be. He can leave fast, can race on top or in behind, can trot all day, has near-perfect manners and the ability to turn on blinding speed when required. That he is driven by 38-year-old Joe O'Brien, possibly the best driver in the country, in no way hurts his chances.

Biggest threats to Scott Frost, and hot contenders for the runner-up spot, are Galophone and Childs Hanover. Insiders tag Galophone on the basis of his superior manners. In an ordinary year either horse would be considered tops, but this is a Scott Frost year. Galophone can trot a long way and is



THE IMMORTAL HAMBLETONIAN, grand sire of America's trotters, was a bay stallion who never raced but produced 1,331 racing foals.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

50—season opened (or opens). **SC**—season closed (or closes). **C**—clear water. **D**—water dirty or roily. **M**—water muddy. **N**—water at normal height. **SH**—slightly high. **H**—high. **VH**—very high. **L**—low. **R**—rising. **F**—falling. **WTSB**—water temperature 50°. **FG**—fishing good. **FF**—fishing fair. **FP**—fishing poor. **OG**—outlook good. **OF**—outlook fair. **OP**—outlook poor.

game, but he lacks Scott Frost's tremendous burst of finishing speed. Driver Billy Haughton, however, believes he can win. "If Scott Frost draws a bad post and we draw a good one, we'll give him the battle of his life," says he.

Childs Hanover is a very fast colt but has had past manners. Trainer Ervin schooled him behind a gate all winter to break his habit of jumping as the field goes away, but the colt broke gait at the start of two heats against Scott Frost at the Goshen Historic meet.

DARK HORSE IS MISS RODNEY

Colbymite, trained by Ralph Baldwin, should be among the first four. Showing only fair last season, he has come on fast and may have more "quick lick" than any horse except the favorite. He has been making breaks for reasons unknown but has also gone some great miles "out on the rim," finishing strong at all times. He is rated around the stables as having an outside chance to win and a good chance to finish in the money.

Other probable starters will include Butch Hanover, a stablemate of Scott Frost's, who is considered by some to be the second-best colt of 1954 and a much better-looking and better-gaited horse than the favorite. Like others, though, he has not shown himself capable of racing as fast as Scott Frost. Jack Richardson will be his driver.

The No. 1 dark horse is Miss Rodney, who will be driven by 75-year-old Fred Egan, Hambletonian winner in 1940 with Spencer Scott and again in 1949 with Miss Tilly, the mother of this year's entry. Miss Rodney is a strapping mare who can go a long way, but has as yet to prove she can put a 28-second quarter on the end of a fast mile as can Scott Frost.

A third O'Brien stable entry is Home Free, a good, consistent colt, who has Clint Hodgins at the reins and who might place in the money.

Trainer and Driver Harry Pownall will enter the fast but erratic Trump Hanover for the Arden Homestead Stable, but unless he goes the race of his life he is unlikely to give the leaders any trouble. Also eligible to start is Tasselman, a colt from the same stable, who is not as good as Trump Hanover but who might be a possible surprise third or fourth money winner.

The No. 2 dark horse of the race is Something Special, who has been taken to Goshen by Trainer-Driver Stanley Dancer and who is being prepped over the Hambletonian track. Although he can go fast, he does not have the class of the top horses.

(END)

POLLACK: MAINE: Fastest fishing in Maine at moment is light-weight tackle assault on Atlantic sea pollack off Petit Manan Light. Four- and 5-ounce spinning rigs taking fish averaging 10 pounds. Like a lot of drought-hidden trout, Joe Coffin came down from Brewer after pollack for the first time and dragged home a 20½-pounder. Outlook terrific.

BLUFINCH: FLORIDA: Dog Island Reef producing good takes on mallet or large spoons. Successes there seem almost extremely reluctant last week to move up from nearest position off Jersey coast. Some taken around Cape Cod, but spotty and nothing like last few years. Martha's Vineyard surf fishing uneven at Chappaquiddick, Squamset and Kismet. But 51 agent took a 1½-pounder on the squid at Squibnocket, season's largest from local surf.

NEW JERSEY: Best three scores of action off Jersey coast are: area 1 to 10 miles off Asbury Park, Barnegat Ridge about 18 miles east of Barnegat Light, and an area a short distance E by NE of Five Forks Lighthouse off Cape May. Asbury Park fish continue to average more than 6 pounds each, southerly fish are mixed, 3 pounds and larger. Trolling and chumming both effective. **OVG.** Surf fishing slow.

STRIPED BASS: NOVA SCOTIA: Lots of stripers weighing 3 to 15 pounds being taken at Bear River, **OG.**

MASSACHUSETTS: Fair catches taken at Cape Cod Canal and at Nauset Beach in Orleans. Outer Cape beaches still dormant except for heron feed who launch small prams outside breaker line; a very tricky business. Cape Cod Bay showed recovery as one skipper took 48 fish on early morning tide. Vineyard Sound, Shad and Brewer Shoal, Vineyarders taking stray stripers to 20 pounds on squid and reverse smelt plugs in surf. **OG.**

NEW JERSEY: Best fishing at night with oiled crab bait on stone jetties at Long Branch, Deal, Bradley Beach and Avon. Some fine fishing bait work by spit-casters and conventional squids, tossing from skiffs to the edge of sea jetties from Highlands to Sea Bright. Fish numerous but of moderate size. **OG.**

SWORDFISH: MASSACHUSETTS: Five-foot-8-inch 11½-pound Mrs. Helen Peters of Haverhill, N.J. took her first broadbill at week's end south of Cutchunk Island, and shortly after took her second, both on 24 inch lead. One weighed 195 pounds and the other 276.

CHANNEL BASS: NORTH CAROLINA: Fair-sized guys hitting well in surf on lower Hatteras Island and near Cape and Hatteras Inlets.

FLORIDA: New moon has produced encouraging results in Ten Thousand Islands sector of Everglades City.

TUNA: CALIFORNIA: Shorfin tuna run on off Catalina. **OG.**

MASSACHUSETTS: No school tuna have shown up yet and few big ones have been caught in traps for the latest start in some years.

NEW JERSEY: School fish reported 70 miles SE by E off Barnegat Lighthouse, too far to reach. No recent reports of giant tuna.

TROUT: OREGON: Streams on west slope of Cascades offering good fly-fishing with Santiam and McKinnis rivers best. Rainbows and cutthroats to 12 inches taking wet fly in afternoon, dry fly in evening. **OG.** Lower Columbia steelhead good with run of summer fish now being taken from sandbars.

COLORADO: All the news was not good for the last week, for it was revealed that in order to supply Denver with more water the President's favorite fishing spot, St. Louis Creek, just west of Fraser, will be virtually dried up, and

he will have to get there before mid-August for one last go at the brauly little stream. Anyone looking for big ones might do well to try the Roaring Fork up near Aspen. Lee Holmen of Laketon got a 9½-pound brown near Carbonade on a salmon egg and a spawning outfit. Took him 45 minutes to land the lumber. **State agencies:** Roaring Fork and Fryer Pan C and **FG.** **OG.** to excellent. All forks of South Platte L, C and F to G with **OG.** Gunnison L, C, **FP.** **OG.** Grand Mesa lakes **FF** and **OG.** Lower Colorado and tributaries affected by heavy general rain Saturday M, **FP** but clearing fast, **FF** higher up.

PENNSYLVANIA: SC July 31, going out with a whimper under one of worst boat waves ever.

WASHINGTON: Ross Lake again reported big fishing this week with lures productive for big rainbows which were also reported snatching at pieces of steak. Pierce and Thurston counties lakes **FP.** **OG.** High lakes still led in above 5,000 feet, NE Washington good for rainbows in Warts, Williams, Badger and Carlew lakes. Tumbler lakes out of all snow covered now. Devoters here build rafts, push out from shore and fly-fish for well-stocked brookies. **OG.**

CALIFORNIA: Thunderstorms, cloudbursts in some high Sierra ranges, including Tioga Pass area, lessened forest fire hazards, moved streams, but **OG.** Hot spots Sierra East slope last week! Upper Big Pine Creek lakes near Palisades Glacier where fly-fishing belatedly at peak. Golden trout hitting fast at French Canyon lakes with easy limits to 16 inches. Summer steelhead run Klamath. Tricky rivers pecking up. Middle Fork Eel starting for fair rainbows.

MICHIGAN: Upper Michigan again reports experimenting with ice cubes on 5-X fished wet as worst drought since '36 has hit arm. **OP** until considerable rain.

MAINE: Hot, humid weather drove fish down all over state and fishermen reported confined to cubans comforting themselves in usual way.

MONTANA: Madison P to G. Best flies and squirrel tail, black woolly swivel, Ginty and Wulf. Yellowstone P to G. Gallatin Ginty Quill, Light Cahill and Lady Mite taking.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Island lakes and mountain streams producing. Steelheads having poorest run in some years with Stamp and Ash H but yielding a few fish.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Water L and WB about 80. Salmon scarce with showers improving catches in Miramichi.

NOVA SCOTIA: Water levels more favorable following heavy rain and Sheet Harbor River was top producer of the week with North River second best.

MAINE: Fishing generally poor for landlocks with Long Lake in uppermost Maine best.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: Westport reports FG and **OG.** Lapush FG, **OG** with big salmon expected at river's mouth any time. Nash Bay FG, **OG** with king to 46 pounds. Not many king taken at Hope, but those taken are bangers. Big swing from Larron Reels to Walden Island producing plentiful silvers on herring strips. Fisheries reports more kings this year than in past 5, though fishermen are seeing too well. Skagit River is muddy. You can see big ones roll but can't catch them.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: P to G all along the coast with silvers up to 11 pounds and spring salmon up to 25. Inverness Inlet beginning to show big fish. Sleds in use within a week or so. Best fish of Campbell River with 35 pounds from April Point. Big sides around August last should produce 50-pounds. Good reports from Little River, Kity Columbia, Shelter Point, Comox Harbor in north. Howe Sound and Pender Harbor further south.

COLUMN OF THE WEEK

by JERRY MITCHELL

New York Post

BONUS BABIES ARE A PROBLEM
BUT PROFESSOR CASEY STENGEL
HAS A WAY OF PROTECTING THEM

CASEY STENGEL has two bonus babies on his bench and other managers around the American League have them in even greater abundance, not that they are happy about it.

The kids take up space on the roster that could be filled by two useful players, an important consideration unless you are going all out for youth in sheer desperation, as is Paul Richards. It's gotten so that they now refer to Baltimore as Boys' Town.

Anyway, Professor Stengel is against the continuation of the present bonus system for another reason. He thinks young boys shouldn't be exposed to some of the sights they see nowadays—and he means on the ball field.

"I don't mean those kids they give small bonuses to," he said, "though I'll bet there's many a small bonus announced an' a bigger one passed under the table or left in a milk bottle at the back door, or put in the glove compartment of the old man's broken-down car, together with an order for a new car.

"I mean these bonus kids who get

big chunks of dough to sign with a big salary guaranteed for two years an' a new washin' machine for momma, a set of golf clubs, a small boat an' a uranium kit for the old man.

"They can't play even once in a while because they don't know anything except the size of their bank accounts an' how much the newest cars cost, an' how fast they are, an' what town has the biggest stinks. But we gotta keep 'em on our benches.

"So they sit on our benches, these prosperous young men, with nothin' to do every day but look an' listen an' what happens? They see things like at some sandlot games.

"They see great big guys they used to watch from the stands with the old man, or read about, who are supposed to be the stars of the game go an' make some of the stupidest plays possible. They see some of the screwiest plays you could think of.

"You work with these kids an' have the coaches help 'em an' then all you teach 'em is liable to go out the win-

dow when they look at what some of the regulars do out there.

"Richards, he always has the answer. If one of his bonus kids up and says, 'Look here, Mr. Richards, sir, beggin' your pardon, but didn't so and so in centerfield throw to the wrong base in the eighth inning of yesterday's game?'

"You know what Richards probably tells 'em? He probably says, 'Son, you're a bright young man. I knew that the moment I laid eyes on you. I know you can read an' want to get ahead. Now when you get out of here today you go out an' buy that book I wrote on how to play baseball in the big league an' you'll find all the answers.'

THE BONUS RULE

Baseball's bonus rule, created in 1952 to keep the more affluent ball clubs from cornering the young talent market, provides that a free agent signed for more than \$6,000 for his first year must stay on the club roster for two full seasons. Thus he occupies a position which otherwise would be open for a seasoned and useful player. Casey Stengel's concern is for First Baseman Frank Leja, now 19, signed by the New York Yankees for a reported \$45,000 in 1955, and Shortstop Tom Carroll, 18, plucked off the Notre Dame campus this spring and given \$40,000.

"So he doesn't have to admit one of his regulars pulled a rock an' he'll get another hunk of royalty from his book company for sellin' another book an' it won't matter to the kid nohow because he'll probably be too busy readin' the *Wall Street Journal* to get past the introduction.

"I know I've been worried about my two bonus babies. That [Frank] Leja had to be bright to get the kind of dough he got for signin' and that [Tom] Carroll was so smart he went to Notre Dame but kept out of the way of the football coaches.

"When things began to pop bad for us the other night I sent Leja up to pinch-hit soon's I could. That meant he'd head for the clubhouse an' wouldn't see the bad plays that were bound to follow. I couldn't find a place for Carroll but I told him to keep his back turned to the field an' I would tell him if there was a pretty play that he might enjoy lookin' at. He didn't get no crick in the neck from turnin' round to look, I can tell you."

And all the above was said by the Professor after a visitor said, "Casey, who's pitching tomorrow?" (END)



"I used a split bamboo fly rod, a smooth-flo surfcaster reel with a shur-ketch nylon line, a dreadnought super feather-fin lure, and when he leaped out of the water after a draposefly I puffed him with my can opener."

TIP FROM THE TOP



For golfers of all
degrees of skill

from **CHUCK CONDON**, Tacoma Country and Golf Club, Tacoma, Wash.

It seems to me that one of the most important fundamentals of the swing is the development of a free, full-finishing, balanced position on the follow-through. Most golfers regard the follow-through as an incidental result of a well-executed swing. It has a much more functional role than that. It is a position into which you put yourself, and the action which puts you into that position is the action most likely to insure that you hit—and properly—the shot you are playing.

When you follow through correctly, your weight should be totally transferred to your left side—on a perpendicular line, as it were, from your head to your left foot. Most golfers fail to reach this position because they don't know how such a position feels although they may know how it looks, and they don't know how it feels because their muscles have never been trained to recognize it when they arrive there.

The best way to learn to recognize the follow-through position is to get accustomed to its particular muscular feeling. This means you have to ignore the ball after you've hit it. Instead, let your head turn freely with the shoulders. When you have reached a finished, balanced position, concentrate on how it feels being there. If you do this often enough, your muscles will "memorize" it, and once your muscles know where they are going they will have less trouble getting there. You will find that it will help you to develop a sound, reliable, grooved hitting-action.



At the start of swing (left), Chuck Condon has clearly in mind the position he wants to reach at the follow-through (right)

NEXT WEEK: JACKSON BRADLEY ON WHISTLING WHILE YOU WORK

the new way



to add spice to your life!



Old Spice
FOR MEN
BODY TALCUM

100
PLUS TAX

SHULTON NEW YORK • TORONTO

BOATING

by EZRA BOWEN

IN A SINGLE WEEK FOUR AMERICAN
BUSINESSMEN-YACHTSMEN PICKED
UP THE TOP DEEP-WATER TROPHIES
OF THE CURRENT RACING SEASON

BIG business had another time of triumph last week, the occasion being the award presentations following the longest, hardest, most exciting ocean races of the year. It was almost like the turn of the century, when the old robber barons matched yacht against yacht, and threw tremendous post-race parties for the purpose of giving each other homely pieces of silverware. The difference was that last week, the baron had lost some of his baronial glitter. He now had become a businessman sailor, whose boat and postrace entertainment, while still quite handsome, were on a far more modest, tax-reduced scale than those of the late railroad period.

There was a difference, too, in the way some of last week's winners went about their yachting. Most noticeably absent were the platoons of paid hands that used to maintain in isolated splendor the towering sloops of the 1900s.

For example, when Richard Nye first filed his entry for the recent Newport, R.I. to Sweden race, he didn't even have a boat. He had one abuilding in a yard in Hamburg, Germany, a 53½-foot yawl to be called *Carina*; but as race time drew near, there was a reasonable doubt whether the stocky Wall Street broker, whose square chin and sturdy strut make him look more like an old minor league catcher, would ever get to the starting line.

A month before the race, *Carina* was still an unfinished hull in Hamburg. Two weeks later, on May 27, she finally arrived in New York on a freighter. With only 14 days to go, *Carina* was at Kretzer's yard on City Island, her interior still unfinished, much of the equipment not yet installed, and her rigging not yet made.

Somehow everything got done. With Nye, a short cigar clamped between his teeth, scurrying around to check various items as they were installed, *Carina* slowly became a boat. Six days before the race her sails were bent on for the first time and then she headed for Newport.

The crew was almost as green as the ship. They averaged only 24 years, and the navigator, 24-year-old Bill Gray, had never before navigated in a race.

But as *Carina* plunged across the starting line, along with the six other entries, she had the look of a solid racer that could take plenty of salt water under her keel.

An hour after the start, however, *Carina* lost sight of the rest of the fleet; and the next day things started to happen. With a loud crack one of the two big spinnakers blew into tatters. A few hours later the other big parachute split; and *Carina* had to lose time running under her small spinnaker while the crew laboriously mended the tear.

UP THE WEST

As *Carina* moved farther into the North Atlantic the weather got worse. The wind rose until it hit 70 mph. Waves built up to 20 feet, and one comber, crashing aboard, stove in the ventilator of the main dining room. In the middle of all this the toilet broke down. And a little later, a halyard parted. With *Carina* plunging like a sea lion in the North Atlantic swells, Navigator Gray climbed the mast three different times trying to free the line.

Eighteen days out of Newport with Sweden almost in sight, the wind dropped from gale force to practically nothing, and *Carina* limped along in

the Skagerrak for two days, her crew bored to death, certain they had lost the race. Twenty days out they picked up some light air, and before dawn on July 2, *Carina* slipped across the finish line at Marstrand, Sweden. A reception boat full of officials of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club motored out to meet the American yawl.

Through the early morning darkness the officials hailed, "What ship?" "*Carina*," came back the answer.

Then, and only then, did Dick Nye, by now sporting a Hemingway beard, learn that his was the first boat to finish. No other boat had yet been sighted, and with his handicap of 27 hours 37 minutes 9 seconds, he was certain to take the race on corrected time.

Last week, in Stockholm, the beard gone, Skipper Nye stood up at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club to receive from Princess Margrethe of Denmark a wagonload of trophies. For being first finisher, he got the Sir Thomas Lipton Trophy. For winning the race, he got the King Gustaf VI Adolf Cup, the Gothenburg Sailing Club prize, and the Chairman of Swedish Sailing Club prize.

Nine thousand miles away in Honolulu, another American businessman, Ira Prentiss Fulmor, an air-conditioning executive on the West Coast, was picking up his share of silverware for winning another rough transoceanic race—the 2,225-mile dash from San Pedro, Calif. to Honolulu. Like Nye, Fulmor is a tough, solid sailing man. All similarity ends there. Where Nye charged off into the North Atlantic with a green crew and a boat so new you could still smell the varnish, Fulmor sailed an



18-year-old boat manned by old hands (two, like himself, were grandfathers) and planned his race like a scientist breaking down a chemical compound. Six months before the race, Fulmor announced to his wife Dorothy and his four children that their ketch *Staghound* was no longer available for family cruises. From then until the start, July 4, *Staghound* was groomed for the race. A week before the start, *Staghound's* navigator, a Coast Guardsman named Bob Leary, started accumulating weather data and planning three alternate sailing plans, each keyed to different weather possibilities.

BAD GUESS AND A GAMBLE

When she went to the line July 4 against 52 crack deep-water racers, *Staghound* was as ready as any boat will ever be. She had to be. Arrayed against her were the likes of James Michael's 72-foot *Barnum* and Richard Rheem's 98-foot ketch *Morning Star*, holder of the Pacific record of 10 days 10 hours 13 minutes 9½ seconds from Los Angeles to Honolulu.

Fulmor, in spite of all his careful planning, began the race with a bad guess. Gambling on heavier winds above Catalina Island, he worked north while most of the fleet headed out to sea. The wind up north was no better, and *Staghound* lost a precious hour before she finally turned west. Once into the trades, there was more than enough wind for everyone. Gusts over 30 mph rolled up the long Pacific swells and sent *Staghound's* crew tumbling to the rails.

"For three days," said Fulmor, "all the cook could sell was bouillon and crackers." Fulmor had to lash himself into a bunk when he wanted to sleep. "It was so bad my insides were sloshing around, and I finally gave up trying to sleep." But the roughest test came over the last five days, when rainsquall after rainsquall hit *Staghound* and shook her as a terrier shakes a rat.

Rough as it was, however, *Staghound* took it all. While her competitors were blowing out spinnakers, seeing gear carried away, and in the case of Peter Grant's *Nulu*, fishing out a crew member who was swept overboard, *Staghound* sailed a tight, careful race. A 39-footer with relatively broad beam, she had one of the highest time handicaps—90 hours—in the fleet. She had no hope or illusions of arriving off Diamond Head in front of the bigger boats. In fact, very few sailboats in the world could have reached Honolulu as fast as *Morning Star* did in this race. Sweeping up to Diamond Head at five minutes after midnight on July 14,

Morning Star burst like a ghost ship into the searchlight beam reaching out along the finish line. Her time: 9 days 15 hours 5 minutes and 10 seconds—the fastest ever recorded for the race.

Staghound was still well out to sea, but far enough up in the fleet so that, with her handicap, she had only to hold together to win. She did, taking the transpacific race for the second time in a row, and even bettering her 1953 winning time by four hours.

This, however, was not the end for America's businessmen-yachtsmen. In contrast to the drenching, drawn-out battles fought by Nye and Fulmor was the leisurely triumph enjoyed by a third executive, Walter Gubelmann, a corporation director from Long Island, N.Y., and equitable owner of the yawl *Windigo* (SI, June 13).

THE MANNER GRAND

Gubelmann does his sailing in the manner grand. Instead of holding *Windigo* under direct ownership, he has her registered as property of the Realty and Industrial Corporation of Convent, N.J., of which he is president. Instead of sailing *Windigo* to Sweden, Gubelmann had her shipped over on a freighter, and there received by a professional captain named Magnus Johnson. Gubelmann and his wife flew over later to join the party.

Once aboard his boat, however, Gubelmann is a sailor. In the Gotland race, a 330-mile affair in the Baltic Sea, Gubelmann took on 107 of the best boats from Europe and America. He got his boat off to an excellent start, and in the light air of the Baltic, handled her masterfully. "We strained every nerve watching for the tiniest ripple," he reported later, "and nursed the spinnaker like a child."

His delicate touch paid off, and on the evening of July 19, gentle Sportsman Gubelmann stood up beside hard-rock Skipper Nye to get a King Gustaf VI Adolf Trophy of his own for winning the Gotland race.

There was one more notable sailing triumph by a businessman last week, Norman (Nubby) Sarns, 42-year-old machine-tool executive of Mt. Clemens, Mich., jockeyed his 40-foot sloop *Revelry* through fog and flat calms to win the 333-mile Chicago-Mackinac, most important fresh-water race in the world. However, Nubby Sarns was making no claims to being a great sailor; "I let the crew handle her. I went into the galley and provided the best meals a sailor on a small sloop ever ate. I only take credit for keeping the crew in fuel for the ordeal." (ENR)

**Richer, Creamier,
AERO SHAVE
Saves 20¢ a Can!**

**JUST PUSH VALVE
...OUT COMES
LATHER!**

**It's the Biggest Shave
News in 50 Years!**

- Richer, Creamier Lather
- No Brush Needed
- No Greasy Cream
- 3 Beard Softeners
- Coolant Soothing Lotion

AERO SHAVE
Push-Button
LATHER

Net Wt. 7.5 oz. Net Wt. 5.5 oz. Only 59¢

AERO SHAVE Lather Bomb
Also economical King Size—12 oz. only 98¢

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES call for STRONGER Yet SAFER ANACIN

Won't Upset the Stomach
Anacin® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give such strong yet safe relief as Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets today!

**INGROWN NAIL
Hurting You?
Immediate
Relief!**

A few drops of OTCGRD keep blotted until pain subsiding. OTCGRD is available at all drug stores.

**"UNDER
ONE ROOF"**

For bringing together, "under one roof," such excellent reporting of all sports, I again offer my congratulations to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. You're doing great!

Allen Zerkow-Chicago, Ill.

AUSTRIA'S FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

That's what they call Bad Gastein, the Alpine watering place which cures everything from aching muscles to aching heads

by PAUL DEUTSCHMAN

THE EUROPEAN institution of the spa or watering-place, where well-heeled people come a month or so each year to be sprayed, irrigated, vaporized and generally made over by natural waters, has no real counterpart in America today. As an antidote for past pleasure, present remorse and lingering self-dissatisfaction, the European spa lies halfway between our own two great institutions of the Turkish bath and the analyst's couch.

There are hundreds of these spas in energetic operation today, many dating back to Roman times (see page 55). Usually, each caters to a specific human ailment; each has its own social personality. Perhaps the most important—both scientifically and socially—is Bad Gastein, "The Fountain of Eternal Youth," which lies on the steep side of an Alp in Western Austria, some 60 miles below Salzburg. The personality here might well be termed "gilded *Gewisslichkeit*," and the specialty is revitalization of abused or disused tissues. The waters, coming from 18 springs, are quite unlike any others in the world—being both naturally hot (116.6°) and possessing mystic radium emanations (the result of nuclear fission within the mountains).

For 1,300 years, ever since some compassionate hunters, as the story goes, bathed a wounded deer in a chance spring, Bad Gastein has been aiding the lame, the halt, the too pleasure-bent and the just plain ambitious.

On arriving to take the Gastein cure, the first impression may be disappointment. For Gastein isn't Austria. The scenery is stupendous with one of the world's most exciting waterfalls

crashing full force down a jagged mountainside in the heart of town. But all around—at 3,000 feet above sea level and especially in season, June 15 to August 31—the streets are choked with fin-tailed Cadillacs and fat Mercedes. Main street, the *Hauptstrasse*, is bubbling with old ladies in new mink stoles, bald brokers with rich suntans; gray-haired, gouty central European playboys hopping about unhappily on canes. Except for a few dimpled, Hungarian-doll types (guarded by elderly gentlemen, obviously not their husbands), you see very few young people. And, in almost every eye, there is an anxious seeking for that elusive commodity called Youth.

AWASH WITH ATOMS

You check into one of the 100-odd hotels or guest houses. Then visit a doctor's office, for an examination is an absolute prerequisite to taking a cure or even staying at Bad Gastein. The doctor explains: "We don't really know what the process of the cure is. We only see the results. Actually, radium emanation is a gas, the first by-product of radium decomposition. We know it stimulates tissues and glands. What we think happens is that it reactivates the chronic state of certain ailments into an acute state, then cures them. Even our air is 15 times more radioactive than ordinary air. Therefore, it isn't safe for anyone with an acute disease to stay here; these diseased cells also might become reactivated. That's particularly true with recent cases of cancer and TB. We have to run them out of town immediately!"

"About half the cure takers come

for relief from chronic joint diseases—gout, arthritis, rheumatism. The others, for the general effect on the endocrine glands. This glandular effect is why so many Arabians who pay very much attention to their—shall we say—'youthful powers' come here."

There are five specific Gastein cures: the thermal baths and drinking cure for overall revitalization; the vapor baths for localized treatments; the underwater therapy for aftereffects of paralysis; and the amazing thermal gallery for intense treatments.

The doctor gives you a prescription for, let's say, the thermal baths, a series of 21 baths of 15 minutes' duration each spread over 24 days (older people need longer because their skin absorbs





the emanations slower) and at slightly below body temperature.

Next morning, probably at 6:00 a.m., your phone rings. "*Bad fertig!*" a gruff voice announces. You step into a bathrobe and go to the hotel's ground floor. The bath master, resembling an American health club operator, leads you into a quite ordinary-looking bathroom. Inside is a sunken tub full of quite ordinary-looking water. Then he leaves.

You walk into the tub, down submerged steps until the water reaches tepidly up to your neck—and you wait for something radioactive to happen. But you feel no emanations tingling against your bare sides, no throbbing of sudden new life. It's all a little

disappointing. The water tastes like ordinary American tap water. Nonetheless, you sit there patiently, watching a large clock tick out the precious minutes and imagine that all kinds of mysterious things are occurring within you.

TIME FOR A NAP

Finally, your 15 minutes are over, but no one bursts in to inform you. You step out of the tub and dry yourself with a heated towel. In the anteroom, the bath master glances up disinterestedly. "Now, one hour sleep!"

And that multiplied 21 times—with accompanying psychological effects to suit as the days progress—constitutes the bath cure.

Usually, people take the drinking

cure along with the baths. This is even more casual and less soul-satisfying. The *trickwasser* cure, as it's called, is taken at the *Thermal Trinkhalle*, a large, white, Grecian-looking building next to the Casino (with the world's most crudely rigged slot machine). In the center courtyard stands a single fountain and around the sides, dozens of chairs with pensive, elderly people parked in them. Every so often, one of them grabs an empty glass and fills it from one of two ever-flowing taps—naturally hot or cooled. An average dose runs to six or eight glasses daily.

It's with the vapor cure, however, that you begin to scratch the surface of satisfactory mysticism. The vapor

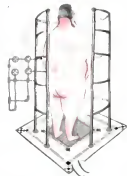
continued on next page

treatment takes place in a small, dank "inhalatorium" where steaming thermal waters are piped up to be sprayed on specific ailing parts of the body.

A doctor leads the way down a gloomy hall, past several dark, constricted-looking rooms. Within each, patients are arranged in sprawling positions before cumbersome alembics. An elderly man is inhaling the vapors through two fierce tubes tucked into his nostrils; a young woman has her ailing arm encased in a vacuumized rubber sack. In other rooms, vapors are summing along backs, over knees, across shoulders. The vapor cure lasts for 20 minutes, three times a week, and the effect is to give a pleasant, warming sensation, much like that from a sun lamp.

Things become a great deal more serious as well as more interesting with the underwater therapy cure, the fourth form of treatment offered at Gastein. This is given at the *Bad Hohe* where they specialize in injured limbs and the aftereffects of paralysis. In a small swimming pool with various kinds of intricate gym equipment overhead and undersurface, a hriak, blonde therapist, once ladies' skiing champion of Austria, gives you a workout using every muscle you've ever owned. You pull up with overhead rings; swing on a trapeze; attempt to walk against streams of water like small Niagaras; push up on an underwater gate; twist

steel bars below the surface; and shove elusive rubber balls against powerful water currents. After 20 minutes, you're wrapped in a sheet, guided rubber-legged into a dormitory filled with previously exercised patients and or-



dered to sleep one hour. You protest, but in a matter of seconds you're fast asleep. And if you continue the underwater therapy cure, this is the routine every other day for three weeks.

FOR A FAST CURE

For people who have failed to be rejuvenated by the other "cures," it's said that the thermal gallery, deep within the mountains, is the last resort. The gallery treatment is the deepest of Gastein's mysteries and unmatched by anything else in the world.

For four years during the war, Hermann Göring had prisoners (mostly Poles and Russians) dig a two-mile-long tunnel aimed at connecting up with an ancient Roman gold mine. The project, however, was finally abandoned: first, because they found no gold; second, the further the men hacked into the mountain, the more unbearable became the heat and humidity. Meanwhile, a strange phenomenon was noted. While the POW's emerged from the tunnel with a terrible tiredness and an artificial fever, they were miraculously cured of colds, rheumatism and various arthritic ills.

For a while after the war, the U.S. Army blocked off the area, believing that there was uranium here. But in 1948, doctors from Innsbruck University were finally permitted to conduct experiments. They concluded that the tunnel led to an area where radium decomposition was taking place, and its curative effects were like those of the

radium-bearing waters of Gastein—only many times more intensified.

Soon, a hut was erected at the tunnel's entrance; thousands of genuine orthopedic sufferers and others, merely wanting to speed up the regular thermal baths, flocked to the tunnel. Now there is a small sanitarium, which can accommodate 20 or 30 people at a time, and buses twist up the mountain-side road several times a day.

Since you never know how the body will react to the fierce combination of heat, radioactivity and dampness of the tunnel, everyone is given another medical exam before being allowed to enter. Then a doctor in red shorts herds a score or so of patients, all dressed in bathrobes, through double doors and onto a small train which will carry you into the tunnel. You take a place according to your assigned "shaft" (there are three shafts, each with different temperatures), and at the last moment, teams of nurses swiftly carry several partially paralyzed patients to litters at the front of the train. The train jerks into the darkness by degrees. Soon, everyone is sweating profusely. From time to time the train halts to let you become accustomed to the thick, ever-growing heat. Eventually you reach your assigned shaft and grope through the narrow darkness, only dimly able to make out the wood-



en cots set up along the sides. Then you strip down completely and face an aqueous, empty, silent hour of what seems to be the hottest, most oppressive and senseless steam room you've ever been in. You feel somewhat of a fool for even being there—but a radioactive fool at least.

Every now and then the doctor comes through to feel pulses. Finally, and blessedly, you remount the train



EUROPE'S TOP WATERING HOLES

and journey back to the light and coolness beyond. The complete cure—an hour every other day—lasts a full three weeks. You feel wonderful each time you come out, somewhat chastened, trimmed down and raring to go. But whether this is radioactivity or simply relief at getting out, is a moot question.

YOU LIVE FROM BATH TO BATH

During the season, thousands of people trek to Gastein for the various cures. However, there seems a kind of in-transit loneliness in all of the people. It's a period of hiding time. For the ordinary cure taker, the high point of the day is the treatment. You live largely from bath to bath and are often hard put for amusement in between times. You wander aimlessly, buying out-of-town newspapers and remembering to inhale the charged, health-giving air deeply. You look at the waterfall, sit in cafes and watch the other people go by. Sometimes you get into scientific discussions with them about your respective ailments and cures. Hope is the prevalent mood here; people are always talking about the miraculous cures effected at Gastein: the Italian singing teacher who lost his voice and suddenly started to sing again in the depths of the thermal gallery; Herr von Sauer, a pupil of Liszt's who took the water every year from 1887 to 1942 (he married for the fourth time at 72 and fathered several children afterwards).

They also tell stories about the incognito pashas and princesses, ambassadors and movie stars here right now, as well as the celebrities who've been here in the past. About Kaiser Wilhelm's first visit with the Crown Prince; and of Farouk, who hovers somewhere in the neighborhood. Said one doctor, "I'm not worried about Farouk. We'll have him sooner or later. He's the Gastein type."

But chances are, the most talked-of cure-taker will be a recent American—me. Not that I burst into poetry in the middle of the gallery or started chasing the chambermaids down the hall after the third bath (they say it takes six weeks, anyway, after you've completed a cure before you feel its full effects). But I am the only person in the history of Bad Gastein, they tell me, who tried everything. Not just the thermal bath cure or the *trinkwasser* or the underwater therapy or the vapor cure or the gallery. But all five cures—simultaneously.

No one has ever done this before—and no one knows for certain what will come of it.

END

AUSTRIA

BADEN, in scenic vineyard region near Vienna. Sulfur thermal springs for rheumatism, nervous and metabolic disorders.

HOPFSTEIN, fed by same radioactive hot springs as Bad Gastein, but less chic and expensive, catering to Austrian families.

BAD ISCHL, near Salzburg. Brine baths, salt and sulfur springs for lungs, chest and nervous ills.

BAD GLUCKENBERG, near volcanic mountains outside Graz. Chalybeate springs for heart, respiratory ills.

BELGIUM

SPA, old, fashionable resort near Liège. Iron and bicarbonate waters for arthritis, heart disease. Casino.

FRANCE

VICHY, northwest of Lyon. Chic resort, renowned for bottled waters, specializes in liver treatment. Casino, theater, sports.

AIX-LES-BAINS, on Lake Bourget in Savoy. Bathing springs for rheumatism and skin ailments. Nearby sulfur water for drinking, inhaling. Fashionable hotels, casinos and shops.

VITTEL, near Nancy. Famous for dry, mellow climate. Mineral waters drunk for arthritis, obesity, gout. Casino, sports.

EVIAN, on shore of Lake Geneva. Mineral waters for kidney ills; thermal baths. Casino, water sports. Skiing in winter.

LE MONT-D'ORE, mountain spa that claims to be asthma capital of world. Radioactive hot springs. Sports, casino.

GERMANY

BADEN-BADEN, plush resort in Black Forest. Radioactive chloride springs for rheumatic ailments. Casino, sports, galas. Horse racing at Iffezheim last week of August.

BAD HOMBURG, near Frankfurt. Favorite of Eisenhower. Nine saline, two chalybeate

springs for internal disorders. Mud baths. Casino, gardens, sports.

WIESBADEN, near Frankfurt, convenient to Rhine voyaging. Hot saline springs for rheumatism. Casino, horse racing.

BAD WIESSEE, on Lake Tegernsee in Bavarian Alps. Iodine, sulfur springs for heart and respiratory ills. Milk and whey cures. Regatta, fishing, riding, concerts.

GREAT BRITAIN

BATH, near Bristol, only natural hot springs (120°) in England, for gout, rheumatism. Roman relics finest in Britain.

CHLITENHAM, near Gloucester. Mineral waters contain magnesium and sodium for rheumatism, obesity. Cricket, music.

ITALY

MONTECATINI, near Florence. Mineral springs for gastric, liver disorders. Casino.

BALNEOAGGIORE, in hills of Apennines. Bromide waters for arthritis, bone and joint injuries. Special treatment for children 3-12.

FIVOGNA, near Rome. Radioactive springs for gout, kidney ailments. Water used throughout Italy as table water.

SPAIN

CESTONA, near San Sebastian. Saline springs for liver and stomach ailments.

SWITZERLAND

ST. MORITZ-VALPERA, in Engadine Valley, 4,100-foot altitude. Only mountain waters with Glauber salts for drinking, bathing. Also massage, hydrotherapy, foam baths. Golf, fishing, climbing.

ST. MORITZ, country's highest medicinal springs (5,825 feet). Waters contain iron salts for heart, lungs, rheumatism. Also mud baths, peat packs. Golf, fishing, climbing. Excellent skiing in winter.



MUD BATH at Moschard Neidharting, Austria, consists of snubbing body with



mineral-rich mud, then basking. Cure is reputed to prolong life, increase fertility.

New DEODORANT for ACTIVE MEN

Gives You 24-Hour Protection

It works for hours and hours! The new Seaforth Deodorant—made especially for active men—gives you all day and all night protection, even in the hottest, stickiest weather. It contains a special super-effective odor neutralizer that gives you 24-hour protection. That's the Seaforth Stick Deodorant. There's Seaforth Spray Deodorant, too. At all good drug counters.



Seaforth!
DEODORANT
For Active Men

A GOLDEN YEAR— SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED celebrates its first birthday in its August 19th issue two weeks from now with an 8-page full color portfolio of great pictures selected from its first 52 issues.

And Gerald Holland reviews *A Golden Year* in a panoramic article which recalls the brightest moments and highest achievements of the past 12 months in the world of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—the wonderful world of sport.

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S
Anniversary Issue
On newsstands August 11**

TED WILLIAMS

continued from page 29

when Mr. Cassie died, I felt as badly as when my own father died."

Admitting to sentiment is almost patently out of character for Williams, but his actions betray him. When he played in his only World Series in 1946, he sent for the Cassies to come East as his guests. His spur-of-the-moment visits to handicapped children are cloaked in secrecy. One of his closest friends is a cop who once arrested him for speeding and refused to take back the ticket when he found out his hostage was Williams. Williams liked that.

"I'm going to do all the inviting," his business manager, Fred Corcoran, recalls Williams told him before he threw a celebration party one year. "And he did," Corcoran said recently. "He invited—and this is literally the truth—the bar boy, a bellhop and a couple of taxi drivers. He had elevator operators, waiters, firemen, his dentist, his doctors and other people from every walk of life. Ted said they liked him as Ted Williams himself, not Ted Williams the home-run hero.

JOLLY GOOD TED

"When that gang got together, I'll never forget it. They started to sing 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' and Ted was stung. 'There'll be none of that,' Ted said. And he meant it, but he'd never tell a story like this on himself."

"I love kids," Williams said in his hotel room that same recent morning in Washington. He got up, burrowed into his suitcase and took out a picture album, full of snapshots of his 7-year-old daughter, Barbara Joyce. Williams and his wife of 10 years were divorced in Miami last spring.

"Just look at her," Williams said. "She's minus a few teeth there, but look at those eyes, that mouth. They're just like mine, aren't they?"

"She can run like a little reinder. I wish I could run like her. Ever since she was 3 years old, she could throw a baseball right at me, never off-line. . . . The most important thing in my life is my little girl." Williams sat down in his chair and stretched out his long legs on the coffee table.

"When I was a kid," he said, "I used to do different exercises to develop my arms and chest because I was so skinny and didn't have much strength. I have to laugh now. Fifteen years ago, every night before I went to bed, I'd eat a quart of ice cream or have a big malted milk with eggs in it because they said that'd put fat on me. I'd still like to do

it, but I can't. As it is, I think I've gained a couple of pounds these last few days. You sit on your tail on that bench and you eat and eat and eat and nothing happens. Then Blumpo!"

He had been benched for a week with a bad back. The doctors finally diagnosed his trouble as lumbago and

WILLIAMS AND THE PRESS

United Press, 1940: "Possibly the most engaging personality in baseball. . . . His boyish enthusiasm, his twinkling eyes, his burning ambition. . . ."

JACK MELEY, P.M., 1950: "If his needle were another such, he won't be able to get his hat on without a shoe horn."

ARTHUR DALEY, NY Times, 1953: "The Boston sports-writer, forced into daily contact with him, feudated with him constantly. His loathing for them was monumental."

TOM MEANY, Collier's, 1954: "Contrary to the general opinion that Williams eats sports-writers for breakfast, Ted numbers some reporters as his friends."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, LIFE, 1958: "Ted is supremely single-minded about his hitting. . . . Even though [he] has yet to learn the art of hitting them where they ain't, he still regards himself as the greatest hitter in the world. His special quality is to care so intensely about his profession that he hates himself when he falls short of perfection."

cleared it up with shots of cortisone. In the dugout or on the field, Williams is a rabid supporter of his team. Sitting on the bench, his cap squarely on his head, he chews gum like a maniac and watches every play like a hawk. He applauds good plays. Otherwise he sits there, watching, watching, completely absorbed in the sport he's spent more than half his lifetime playing as a professional.

"If I had it to do all over again, I'd try to stress getting even stronger. I don't know how I'd do it, but boy, the stronger and bigger you are, the better. Olano [Holo] is a helluva middleweight, but he met a helluva light heavyweight and got beat. You can always bet somebody'll come along and make them forget about every guy who ever went to the plate."

One of the great all-time batting leaders of baseball, Theodore Samuel Williams, will be 37 on August 30th. He's been with the Boston Red Sox since 1939, except for almost five years in the Marines as a pilot, in '43, '44, '45 and again in '52 and '53. This year his reported salary is \$100,000, the highest in the game, and perhaps the highest ever. Money, however, was not

the main factor when Williams broke into organized ball.

"I was still in high school," he recalled, "when I worked out several times with the San Diego Padres. A few of the scouts saw me play my last high school game, and one of them, a top man from Detroit, was sitting with my mother.

"I was 6 feet 3½ inches tall then and I weighed 145 pounds. When the Detroit scout saw what I looked like, he told my mother, 'If you send that boy out and have him play professional ball, it'll kill him.' Geez, my mother came home crying and everything. She was just sick. I didn't say anything because I knew I hadn't played very well that day.

"Even now the one thing I want to do when I'm out there is look good," he said. "I hope I do the best I can, and I hope I don't look lousy doing it. I hope I don't boot a ball or look bad swinging. You hope to hell you're gonna win the game, but the thing I worry about is that I don't look bad. If I do, it makes me mad and I'm a little better the next day.

"Well, I signed with San Diego. They gave me a \$150 bonus and I signed with them; local boy, local team. I'd probably do the same thing again. Just by chance there happened to be a lot of old big-league players with a lot of experience and they could tell me in one easy lesson, in one day, things I never would have picked up in two or three years in Class D ball in one of the lower leagues."

After two years with San Diego, '36 and '37, during which Lefty O'Doul described the 18-year-old rookie as the "best hitter in the Coast League since Waner," the Boston Red Sox signed Williams. When he finished spring training in Sarasota, Manager Joe Cronin farmed the gangling Williams out to Minneapolis for a year. Among other things Cronin wanted him to learn some manners. Williams' attitude toward the fans and there to him, was, to say the least, one of mutual disenchantment.

"I really didn't mean to be so fresh," he said, somewhat apologetically. "I said things, but I think a lot of times the fans have a tendency to abuse the players which I sure as hell don't appreciate, and it sticks in my craw for a considerably longer time than most players."

EDUCATED FACULTIES

Not only was his eyesight better than average, but Williams' hearing too was superior, and his sharp ears picked up flashes of unflattering phrases with the precision of radar. In Korea, the 39 missions made in his Panther jet caused congestion in the cavities between his nose and ears and brought about his return to the United States for hospitalization and treatment, after which he was released.

"My hearing's not as good as it used to be," Williams said, "but it's still in the 'delicate zone.' I hear everything I want to."

Time has softened the sounds that

come to him. Cheers, for one thing, have replaced the earlier boos.

"When I was 20 years old, I hit more home runs than any other left-handed hitter ever hit up there in Fenway Park," Williams said. "They had an extra long right field wall and all the left-handed hitters used to sing the blues when they went there, but gee, I started hitting them out of there. So the next year, they brought in the fence 20 feet to help me more if they could. They figured, 'What the hell, we might as well help this kid.'"

"How about some lunch?" Williams interrupted himself. He went to the hotel telephone and asked the operator for room service.

"This is 1121-A," he said, never mentioning his name. He studied the menu and placed the order. "The best steak you've got—medium," he said. "And two glasses of milk and a dish of coffee ice cream." He turned, "I'm eating light today. I ate four times yesterday. That's too much."

The next hour he waited impatiently for room service. Twice he phoned, each time more aggravated at the delay. Never did he mention his name, however, just his room number.

The waiter finally showed up with the luncheon crowded on a tray. "I'm sorry I'm late," he said, "but we had to serve all them ballplayers."

Williams said nothing. Then when the waiter took a close look at him and recognized Williams, his face became wreathed in smiles and he took

continued on page 38



THE BOY Williams wore kiddie pants, rubber shoes as San Diego grade schooler.



THE YOUNG STAR was dubbed "The Kid" in 1941, the year he batted .406.



THE OLD MASTER, more relaxed and at home with public, now sports ready grin.

TED WILLIAMS

continued from page 57

the luncheon check with Williams' signature as though it were a souvenir.

Finished eating, Williams talked some more.

"It's true I announced my retirement from baseball last year, but I came back for a lot of reasons. First of all, I had a very disappointing year, not being able to play much. I got hurt. I had pneumonia and with all the handicaps and other queer things

forget that. Boy, some of the good guys can remember five years back. How else can you explain why they're so good so long?

"They say I try to avoid spring training. The only thing I do know is, of all the players in the big leagues, I'll bet I've played more spring training games than anybody around. I don't like to play them just to be playing. The managers tell you they got to see you play. I know I can get into shape better in my own spring training in 10 days, doing what I want to

this league as there have ever been, but you just can't see that ball as well in night games or twilight games. Besides, you've got a schedule now that's a lot tougher. When I was broken into the leagues, we'd have a night game and a day off the next day, and it's damn near time that somebody came to the defense of the modern player to show he's just as good. They run faster, throw farther, throw harder. Everything is better. It's about time that somebody started recognizing the fact that there are just as many good hitters and pitchers as there ever were and possibly more. I'm not trying to say the owners shouldn't play night ball—because they have franchises and millions of dollars invested—but the fewer night games they have, the better the game will be.

"I'm going to tell you something about sports which I think is the most overrated expression regarding being a success or a failure in sports. To my knowledge, this has never been said. People always say, 'you have to have confidence in yourself.' I know in my own experience that the less confidence I've had, I've always fared better. If I start doing something with a lot of confidence I never do it well. It's happened 100 times to one that any time that I knew this guy was an extra tough pitcher—and knew I was going to have trouble—I'd come through 100 times more than if I said, 'Geez, I can hit this guy in my sleep.' Psychologically, this is better to me than to figure 'I can knock this bum any time I want to.' That kills me every time.

"The worst thing that can happen to me is to think I've got it made. Boy, it never fails. Something happens. The worst single offense that anybody can have in sports is overconfidence. I say even a slight bit of extra confidence, not just overconfidence. I'd rather say, 'I'm not too sure of what I can do.'

("When Williams is nothing for four, he's an easy guy to do business with," one of his friends said.)

"I've been given credit for a lot of things," Williams continued. "Like trying to help some young guy. I try to give them help in a mental way—not that it's a Phi Beta Kappa clue, but I try to tell them something that will help. Sometimes you hit them just right and you give them just the advice they need at the time. It kind of gives you a kick if they come up and ask you. It makes you think you're the cure-all hero. They always ask you 'What am I doing wrong?' That seems to be the key question.

"Just the other day, a fellow came



WINNING COMBINATION. Red Sox Manager Pinky Higgins and Williams during pre-game dugout talk. Boston, in deep slump before Williams announced return, is currently a contender for pennant, a feat credited in large share to Ted's batting, coaching.

that happened, I felt I could still play without being the 'out' man of the ball team."

He rejoined the Boston Red Sox lineup this year on May 28. By July, he was hitting over .400, but Williams dismissed that with the same self-deprecating manner in which he accepts most compliments. "Doesn't mean a thing. That's only 20 games," he said. "When I hit, I think to myself, 'I've got to be quick with this bat. Boy, I have to be quick with the bat, quick with my hands, quick with the bat.' At different times, I try to have an idea about what the pitcher might be thinking about in terms of throwing to me. Meet hitters remember pretty well how they were pitched to; what happened; and how the pitcher got them out; and the good pitchers remember, too. Don't ever

do, just as long as I want to do it. When I get tired, then to hell with it. I've had it for the day. In three weeks, I can be in pretty good shape. I do a lot of calisthenics and that type of thing in the offseason. During the season, I'm trying to recuperate for the next day. Funny thing about me, when I play a night game, I've got to take a nap in the afternoon.

"I'm thoroughly convinced the hitters today don't practice as much as they should, but they don't have as much chance, either. Another thing I'm thoroughly convinced about is that the present-day ballplayers—and I'm talking about hitters—on paper don't come up to the level of the hitters of the older days only because of one stinking reason. Night baseball! Absolutely! Night ball kills hitters.

"There are as many good hitters in

up to me and asked me that. He happens to be one of the fellows in our club, and he said to me, 'I know you were a good hitter in high school and you were a good hitter out on the coast . . .' I think he was indirectly giving me a little dig on how I might try to help a player.

"I thought, 'What's my answer to this guy?' I knew he was a great hitter in the Coast League, but a lot of people die by the grapevine because they don't improve on the ability they have. I don't say everybody will be a .350 hitter. I think if a fellow has ability when he's a kid, he can hit any type of pitching he's going to face if he trains himself to do it. I say the guy with the average strength, the average ability can do it, but he's got to do a lot to combat what he can't do. The good hitters have geared their style to their own individuality and been able to find out what they had to do to keep up with what was in front of them. Take Eddie Joost, for example. There's a fellow was in the big league for eight years and nothing much happened, then boom, he hit 29 home runs a year and became as good a ballplayer as there was in the league. He had five or six years he wished he had back. That was something more than just ability. There's got to be something more than just ability."

Williams said it more as if to convince himself, wondering, as do the fans, what the secret is.

FROM HITS TO FISH

"I just hope the fans think I'm a pretty good hitter. I'm glad the fans are there, but I'm not too worried about what they think. They get carried away once in a while. I'll tell you something about me. It's hard for me to brag about my hitting, but it ain't hard for me to brag about my angling."

There was a new note in Williams' voice. He lapsed into a monologue about his fishing conquests.

"I've caught more tarpon over 50 pounds with a fly rod than any other guy in the history of angling. I've caught a 32-pound tarpon on spinning equipment, using 8-pound test monofilament. It won the Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament in the spinning division last winter," boasted Williams, who has twice won the Most Valuable Player award, but would never mention that in any conversation. "I caught the eighth largest black marlin ever caught on rod and reel, 1,235 pounds—in Peru.

"I've caught six fish over 70 pounds

on fly rod. There's been one fish caught over 100 pounds on a fly rod. That's my own equipment I use. I'm president of Ted Williams, Inc. which is manufacturing what I think is the best line of fishing rods and spinning reels in the country. I'm part owner of the biggest fishing tackle distributing company in the country, Southern Tackle Distributors in Miami.

"Sammy Sneed is a stockholder, in fact, he's a vice-president, but one of the things I'm going to dedicate myself to after I get through with baseball—

son is over, I'm going to be up in New Brunswick fishing for Atlantic salmon in the greatest streams on the North American continent.

"Sure, I read Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, but I never could've sat in that boat as long as the old man did. First of all, it wouldn't take me that long to catch that fish—if I caught it. Why, I got that 1,235-pound black marlin in 28 minutes.

"The guy I envy more than anyone else I've seen or read about is Zane Grey. I've got a collection of all his



FISHING COMBINATION. Williams and wealthy friend Jimmy Albright go after bonefish off south coast of Florida. A left-handed batter, Williams is right-handed fisherman, here uses light glass rod manufactured by firm of which he is the president.

I'm going to teach Sam Sneed how to fish," Williams laughed.

"Sneed did catch the biggest bonefish that had ever been caught on 12-pound test line. Fifteen pounds even. But never anything else like that. I caught one of the biggest bonefish ever caught in the Keys, where I live, 12 pounds, 10 ounces on a spinning reel. I can cast 150 feet with a fly rod, but I don't think my being a ballplayer helps me as a fisherman.

"The thing I'm going to do when I get through playing baseball—and I think my 'blaze of glory' is about over—I'm going to concentrate on the greatest library of TV pictures that's ever been compiled on fishing and where to go fishing. At least that's our goal. I'm associated with Beacon Television Features. After the baseball sea-

books on fishing. I'd want to do just what Zane Grey did. He bought himself a big three-masted schooner and he roamed the world. He fished all the great fishing spots in the world.

"I used to be dreaming about someday being way far away where I'd have the only fishing waters around. If I had the money and facilities to do it I'd certainly roam the world."

Williams stopped. He seemed enchanted at the vastness of his dream.

"Don't you see," he was told, "that money's only an excuse to you. You'll never have enough. It's another thing to struggle for, something for you to use to help somebody else with."

"You're right," Ted Williams said, all defenses down. "I've been lucky. I've always been a lucky hitter—with bad hops and everything." **(END)**

GEORGE MAY

continued from page 41

When World War I came along, May got a job in a machine shop, and went from there to an industrial engineering firm. By 1925 he had formed his own company and was doing well. The acquisition of the Tam O'Shanter club in 1937 was a new challenge to his talents, and May met it with his usual flair. His methods are direct—"There's too much diplomacy in business," he is fond of saying—and within a couple of years he had turned the club into a profitable enterprise.

Then, one day in 1940, the Chicago Open was played at Tam O'Shanter. May watched the proceedings with critical interest, and decided he could improve considerably upon the system. He inquired of the PGA what the biggest purse was in professional golf and was told it was Miami's \$10,000. "We'll give \$11,000," said May.

Next year the Tam O'Shanter contest had a new look. A flood of promotional activity urged Chicagoans to come and "see the best golfers in the world for \$1.14"—a dollar for the ticket, 14¢ for streetcar fare to Tam. They responded to the tune of 36,000 spectators—the biggest mob by far ever to watch a golf tournament at that time. May did everything to make the customers happy. Liquor flowed for those who thirsted, and Tam O'Shanter's slot machines, standard equipment then, were wheeled out on the links where they whirled a merry accompaniment to the click of golf clubs. The winners split \$11,000, May totted up his profits, deducted \$300 to repair the course, and a new era in professional golf was born.

May has put the same sort of initiative into managing his country club. Over the years, this has involved him in some highly unusual problems. Almost immediately after acquiring Tam O'Shanter, for example, he found himself in business with the old Capone syndicate. A bank of 27 slot machines was relieving Tam members and guests of about \$100,000 a year. This was okay; they got about 30% back in winnings and nobody kacked. But the remaining 70% was divided in a less amusing fashion: Tam kept 60% of the balance, and a man named Julius came around every Monday morning to collect 40% for Scarface Al's successors.

May thought about it for several years. In 1946 Tam's clubhouse burned down again. Rebuilding again, May decided this was a good time to get some slot machines all his own.

The day after the brand-new one-

armed bandits were delivered, he had a caller from the sheriff's office, who suggested that he call a certain number. May did so. A moderately pleasant voice inquired: "How much did you pay for your slot machines?"

"\$1,800," May replied.

REAPPEARING JULIUS

"You'll get a check for \$1,800 in the mail tomorrow," said the voice. The check arrived the next morning. The following Monday, Julius came around again for the same old 40%.

However, if some of the slot machine

ney of Cook County suddenly walked in. Crudely brushing aside May's cheery words of welcome, he took him into custody as keeper of a gambling house.

The slot machines were hauled into the state's attorney's office and tested for efficiency. Their performance was admirable, if unfortunate for the occasion. It took 4,000 pulls to hit the jackpot on the dime machine. The quarter machine gave up one \$40 jackpot for every \$2,000 it received. From May's point of view this could scarcely be called gambling, but he was nonetheless called up before the county grand



TOURING LINKS IN ONE OF HIS FIVE CABALLACES, MAY TALKS SHOP WITH CADDY WASTER SIEGEL

profits were unfortunately drained off elsewhere, May still had other sources of incidental revenue. In the early '40s he installed keno, a city cousin of bingo, which brought in a nice \$14,000 yearly. A roulette wheel spun about \$38,000 more; and something called nightcap keno, a poor relation of the namesake game, came through quite regularly with another \$9,000. These, and the crap games conducted by amateur Chicago sportsmen on the Tam O'Shanter premises, may have been too small potatoes to interest the syndicate; in any event, there was no further interference from that side.

There was, however, from another unexpected quarter. On a hot Fourth of July night in 1950, when Tam was having one of its biggest evenings, the chief investigator for the state's attor-

nery and queried on his relations with the Capone syndicate. He refused comment, and was fined \$1,000 for contempt of court. The gambling-house charge, after a number of continuances, was finally quashed by a neighboring justice of the peace who ruled, with gentlemanly consideration, that the raiding party had entered the club illegally. They had no warrant, it was pointed out, and anyway the sign at the gate said plainly: "For Members Only."

Later, when the Kefauver subcommittee investigating crime moved into the Chicago area, these experiences of May's had a final aftermath. Once again (after frantic efforts by the committee to nail him with a subpoena) he was quizzed on his relations with the Capone syndicate; once again he was a

claim. "I said 'no' one hundred and ten times," May recalls. He was tried for contempt of Congress, as he anticipated, but was acquitted. Now that the statute of limitations has expired he has revealed this information, in this article, for the first time.

Also on the record and impossible to conceal was the fact that May had once served time in an Illinois penitentiary. In June 1915 he was jailed for forgery and was released on parole in May 1916. May treated his prison record matter-of-factly—he had made a mistake, he had paid for it, he had come back nice-

ment those things drew no longer comes out."

The Tam O'Shanter of the post-gambling era is not, of course, what the old club used to be. Some members quit, outraged by the slot machine publicity. New ones were tough to get, for the same reason, although May paid \$50 to each member bringing in another candidate and dropped a few restrictions hitherto limiting membership. But mostly he built up Tam by sheer zip and flash, by organizing and equipping the club with an efficiency and attention to detail which

quest of silent relaxation must pass through the massage rooms first to reach the quiet zone.

Mostly, however, May's genius is evident in the thoughtful placement of Tam O'Shanter's bars, of which there are 13 in the club. One, for example, is located right in the pathway leading from the 9th green to the 10th tee. May calls this Halfway House, and he has decreed that no foursome may play through another which has passed there. Two years ago he paid \$6,000 to have another bar installed by the front entrance. "For people waiting for their cars," he explains, "or coming in and waiting to meet somebody." Nobody who can walk or crawl can possibly be thirsty for more than a few minutes at Tam O'Shanter, no matter where he might be, and nobody is. The sale of liquor is one of the biggest profit sources of the club—and bringing in private supplies is strictly prohibited.

Tam's 970 members pay dues ranging from \$120 a year for a social membership to \$560 for full golf privileges. There are no assessments, but every member must spend a minimum of \$1 a day, or \$364 yearly, for food and drink. They are excused on Christmas.

If Tam O'Shanter's tournaments are not already the most important in the country, the fault is certainly not May's. Professional golf is of necessity materialistic, and May has got the stuff which talks the language of materialism. Not even all the pros like his affairs; they originally resented the indignity of wearing numbers on their rumps as May requires at Tam to make them easily identifiable to the gallery, and when last year he wrote a rule that players can be penalized or put out of a contest for profanity, displays of temper, willfully hitting sand onto a putting green or "unwarranted criticism of the golf course and/or this tournament," many of them had to grit their teeth to hold back words of ire and scorn.

George May knew very well that this rule would be received with something less than enthusiasm. He also knows that for \$255,000 the pros would play in kilts if he wrote that into the rules. Which brings us to the moral of the tale: If George May never wears the blue coat of the U.S. Golfing Association hierarchy, he might yet, with his quarter of a million in prize money, have golfing's hierarchy wearing sports shirts with sunsets over palm trees. But whatever their dress, they will be discussing his true value to golf long after the last putt is sunk. (END)



TOURING TAM O'SHANTER'S THIRTEEN BARS, MAY PAUSES FOR SHORT CHAT WITH A FRIEND

ly. He handled an article in FORTUNE magazine characterizing his business methods with even greater *sans-froid*. "Some May clients," FORTUNE reported, "have been grateful for the company's help, and have returned for more. Others have called the business 'an out-and-out racket' and some have sued for damages—but very few of them have ever collected." May read the piece, cut it out, and posted copies on Tam O'Shanter's bulletin boards, of which there are more than a dozen. "Good publicity" was his comment.

The state's attorney's raid ended organized gambling at Tam O'Shanter. The matter seems of small regret to May; he doesn't even mourn the slot machines. "We did have to raise the dues," he says. "They're double what they were in 1950. But a certain ele-

ment it certainly one of the most unusual clubs in the country.

The relaxed and casual atmosphere normally associated with a country club is not found here. From the peremptory red stop light at the main gate to the bar at the 18th hole, Tam O'Shanter snaps with business engineering gimmicks. The entire clubhouse and the locker rooms are carpeted. There are telephones on every tee, making the course particularly attractive to professional men like obstetricians and undertakers. May has even mechanized quiet—he spent \$14,320 building retreats off the men's and women's locker rooms where members may lie down on beds, and talking, smoking and drinking are forbidden. There is no extra charge—but things are so arranged that those in

KNIGHT AND MIDNIGHT



QUIET, CONFIDENT PETE WAS USED TO WINNING

BACK IN JUNE 1883 at a general store in Pecos, Texas a bunch of cowboys got to arguing about who was the fastest roper and best bronc rider in their section of cow country. They decided to settle the question at a contest on July Fourth. At this first recorded inter-ranch rodeo Morgan Livingston of the N.A. Ranch near Pecos won the \$25 first prize in steer roping, and Trav Windham, boss of the neighboring Lazy Y ranch, was second, with \$15. This was the official beginning of American rodeo, the only big-time sport in the U.S. to spring directly from an industry.

Not until 1929, however, did the cowboy country tournament finally emerge as a nationally organized sport. And the greatest saddle bronc rider of those days was Pete Knight.

Pete was born in Philadelphia but was raised on a ranch near Crossfield, Alberta. Before he finished grade school Pete was breaking wild horses. Just after World War I, when he was 15, he competed in his first local rodeo and took second money. By 1923 he was ready for the big time, and the following year split first and second money at Calgary. In 1930 Pete quit ranching to hit the rodeo trail and win some of the increasingly substantial cash prizes being offered. He had won enough saddles and belt buckles. Pete was no yippee-ki-yi-type cowboy, rather he had the reputation of being quiet and even-tempered. The rougher the mount, the better he rode, said one of his competitors, Earl Thode (right).

But although Pete was the foremost rider of his day, there was one horse he never defeated to everyone's satisfaction, and his name was Midnight.

Fouled before World War I near

Medicine Hat, Alberta, the 1,200-pound bronc, who had once been a saddle horse to a school marm, had a solid reputation as a terror from Oregon to New York. Even today Midnight's bronky career is remembered as one of the greatest in rodeo history.

SEVEN SECONDS OF FURY

At least three different times Pete tried to stay aboard the horse. The records of these Midnight rides of Pete Knight are rather hazy, but one contest everyone remembers was at Cheyenne in 1932. For seven of rodeo history's longest seconds Pete stuck like a burr to Midnight's furious back. Then the horse let go with his favorite weapon, a vicious shoulder whip, and Pete ended up in a dust-covered heap.

His friends claimed Pete had ridden the ten seconds required to win, but the ride was unofficial, and there is no mention in the record books of Pete ever beating Midnight. The Cheyenne ride was the nearest he came to it.

By 1935, says Fog Horn Clancy, the old-time rodeo announcer, Midnight "had started to slip; his feet began to give him trouble." When he died in 1936 the riders he had hated bought Midnight a monument befitting a champion and placed it over his grave in Platteville, Colorado. The boys composed this epitaph for their hero:

"Underneath this sod lies a great bucking hoss.

There never lived a cowboy he couldn't toss.

His name was Midnight, his coat black as coal.

If there's a hoss heaven, please, God, rest his soul."

There were other noted brones in the

early history of rodeo whose names are still remembered: Steamboat, Ham What Am, Broken Box, Crying Squaw, Tick Fever, Tumble Weed, Talcum Powder, Hell's Angel and Five Minutes to Midnight (Little Middy).

Little Middy was one of Pete's favorites. "Rodeo's a game with him," he once said. "If Little Middy wins, he doesn't rub it in. I've seen him throw his man, then trot back and atick his muzzle down and snuffle as if to say, 'Sorry, pal, no hard feelings.'"

Pete should have been on such a considerate horse when he came out of the chutes in 1937 at the Burwell Ranch Rodeo in Hayward, California. Instead he was riding one of the roughest brones in California at that time—Duster. Pete, who had bested the horse several times before, was still aboard after eight seconds. Suddenly just before the 10-second signal, Duster lost footing and tumbled, trampling Pete as the man and horse were momentarily shrouded in dust. Pete's close friend and roommate, Harry Knight, who reached him first, asked nervously "Are you hurt, Pete?" The usually mild-spoken cowboy barked, "Hell, yes, why d'ya think I'm lying here?"

Pete refused to be carried off on a stretcher, even though his friends tried to force him. Waving them aside, he pulled himself up and limped unassisted from the arena. In doing so he rammed a broken rib into a vital inward spot and he died before he could reach the hospital. His chums buried him in the town where he rode for the last time and some recalled a saying of Pete's: "On a wild horse you're matching what you've got against a brute that, like as not, wants to kill you. Sometimes he does." (E.R.)



THODE'S SKILL WON WORLD'S FIRST RODEO CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1872



AT CALGARY PETE SHOWED LEAPING SPEED BALL WHO WAS MASTER

WITH WILD FURY, RAMBUNCTIOUS MIDNIGHT DUSTED LEADING RIDERS AT RODEOS FROM OREGON TO NEW YORK DURING HIS SAVAGE CAREER



COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.D.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

July 29 through August 7

FRIDAY, JULY 29

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. race, Piquette, N.J.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Philadelphia, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Horse Show

Natl. Morgan Horse Show, Northampton, Mass. (until July 31).

Rowing

Northwestern Int'l. Rowing Assn. regatta, Kenora, Ont. (also July 30).

Sailing

Overnight 100-m. yacht race, Honolulu to Kauai Island, Hawaii.

Swimming

Natl. AAU sr. women's outdoor synchronized championships, Houston, Tex. (until July 31).

Tennis

Australia vs. Canada, Davis Cup American Zone final, Montreal (until July 31).
Italy vs. Sweden, Davis Cup European Zone final, Milan (until July 31).

SATURDAY, JULY 30

Auto Racing

Midland Empire sports car races, Rosecrans Memorial Airport, St. Joseph, Mo. (also July 31).
NASCAR 100-m. race, Allentown, N.Y.

Baseball

● Boston vs. Detroit, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*).
● Cincinnati vs. Pittsburgh, Crosley Field, Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Football

Los Angeles Rams vs. Ft. Ord (exhibition), Long Beach, Calif.

Horse Racing

● Arlington Handicap (turf), \$100,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill., about 8:05 p.m. (NBC).
● Merchants & Grocers' Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Saratoga-at-Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).
● Chase Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J., about 5:05 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Show

Appaloosa Horse Show & Race, Besant track, Belgrade, Mont. (also July 31).

Waterboating

Natl. 135 cu.-in. hydroplane championships, Cambridge, Md.
Gold Coast Mandolin, Miami, Fla. (also July 31).
APBA, Great Lakes Div., stock class outboard championships, Conway, Mich. (also July 31).
Outboard racing carnival (Classes A, B, D, utility & hydroplanes), Sylvan Beach, Owens Lake, N.Y.

Sailing

Ivy Invitational Penguin regatta, Peoria, Ill. (also July 31).
Seafair Races, Lake Washington, Seattle.

SUNDAY, JULY 31

Auto Racing

German Grand Prix, Neuburg, Germany.
SCCA Natl. Seafair Race, Seattle.
NASCAR 250-m. late model race, Bay Meadows, Calif.
Natl. Hot Rod Assn. regional eliminations, Don Scott Field, Columbus, Ohio.

Baseball

● New York vs. Kansas City, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*).
East vs. West All-Stars, Negro American League, Comiskey Pk., Chicago.

Lawn Bowling

American Lawn Bowling Assn. Eastern Div. tournament, Springfield, Mass. (until Aug. 5).

Motorboating

Hydro Holiday (all classes, stock hydro outboards), Madison Lake, N.Y.

Roller Skating

ISRAA natl. amateur championships end, Toledo, Ohio.

Tennis

Southampton Invitation final, Southampton, N.Y.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Pittsburgh, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Bobby Boyd vs. Tony Anthony, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (3D rds.), 10 p.m. (DuMont)

Roller Skating

USARSA natl. championships, Mineola, N.Y. (until Aug. 6).

Sailing

Long Island Sound YRA Lightning ridget championships, Riverside, Conn.

Tennis

Eastern grass courts tournament, South Orange, N.J. (also Aug. 7).
USLTA girls' (15 & under) championships, Saddle & Cycle Club, Chicago (until Aug. 7).

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Pittsburgh, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Horse Jumping

U.S. vs. Ireland, Dublin (until Aug. 6).

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3

Baseball

● New York vs. Cleveland, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Ernest Charles vs. Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, heavyweights, War Memorial Auditorium, Syracuse, N.Y. (3D rds.), (ABC: TV—10 p.m., Radio—10:15 p.m.).

Golf

USGA jr. amateur, Purdue Univ., Lafayette, Ind. (until Aug. 6).

Harness Racing

● Hambleton Stakes, \$100,000, 3-yr.-old colts, Good Time Mile Track, Goshen, N.Y., 6:15 p.m. (CBS).

Horse Racing

Mademodette Stakes, \$20,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill.
Long Branch Handicap, \$15,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J.

Rowing

Newfoundland Regatta, St. John's, Newfoundland.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4

Baseball

● Boston vs. Chicago, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Golf

AJ-American tournament (men & women), Tam O'Shanter CC, Niles, Ill. (until Aug. 7).

Motorboating

Stock outboard 316-m. marathon, Stockton, Calif. (until Aug. 6).
APBA Western Div. stock class championships, Great Lake, Wash.

Tennis

Natl. Joyce jr. championships, San Antonio (until Aug. 9).

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. late model race, Charlotte, N.C.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Brooklyn, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Sailing

Natl. Snipe championship, Atlantic YC, Lake Alajuela, Ga. (until Aug. 12).
Hixson Trophy, Indian Harbor YC, Greenwich, Conn.

Swimming

Southeastern Area outdoor sr. championships, Oak Ridge, Tenn. (until Aug. 7).

Tennis

Australia-Canada winner vs. Japan, first Davis Cup Interzone final, Nassau CC, Glen Cove, N.Y. (until Aug. 7).

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6

Auto Racing

AAA stock engine race, Knoxville, Tenn.

Baseball

● Cincinnati vs. New York, Crosley Field, Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (CBS*).
● New York vs. Detroit, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Football

● Los Angeles Rams vs. Pittsburgh Steelers (exhibition), Portland, Ore., 9:30 p.m. P.D.T. (ABC).

Horse Racing

● Monmouth Oaks, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J., about 5:05 p.m. (NBC).
● Sheridan Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill.
● Saratoga Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Saratoga, N.Y., about 4:15 p.m. (NBC).

Motorboating

Excess Cruiser Trophy predicted leg race, Shrewsbury YC, Fair Haven, N.J.

Sailing

Northbeach Race Week begins, Northbeach, Nassau, Atlantic Coast Lightning championships, Laval, N.J.
Atlantic Coast Star championships, Atlantic Highlands, N.J.

Swimming

Natl. AAU jr. women's 50-meter freestyle & jr. men's 200-meter breaststroke, Oak Ridge, Tenn. (also Aug. 7).
Natl. AAU jr. outdoor synchronized solo championship, Malibu Swim Club, New Providence, N.J. (also Aug. 7).

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. late model race, Winston-Salem, N.C.
AAA sprint race, Salem, Ind.
Natl. Hot Rod Assn. regional eliminations, Orange, Mass.

Baseball

● Boston vs. Kansas City, Fenway Pk., Boston, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Football

San Francisco 49ers vs. Washington Redskins (exhibition), San Francisco, 2 p.m. P.D.T.

Motorboating

Gold Cup race, Lake Washington, Seattle.
Greenville-Vicksburg 105-m. outboard marathon, Greenville, Miss.

Motorcycling

AMA-sanctioned 8-m. natl. dirt track championship, Shenandoe, Ind.

Swimming

U.S. vs. Japan dual meet, Tokyo (until Aug. 9).
Natl. AAU jr. women's 200-meter backstroke, Pittsburgh.

*See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2-drawings by Robert Riser, Robert Phillips Black Box, 10, 11-drawings by Amy 18-21 Richard Phillips Black Box, 24-26, 28-30, 32-34, 36-38, 40-42, 44-46, 48-50, 52-54, 56-58, 60-62, 64-66, 68-70, 72-74, 76-78, 80-82, 84-86, 88-90, 92-94, 96-98, 100-102, 104-106, 108-110, 112-114, 116-118, 120-122, 124-126, 128-130, 132-134, 136-138, 140-142, 144-146, 148-150, 152-154, 156-158, 160-162, 164-166, 168-170, 172-174, 176-178, 180-182, 184-186, 188-190, 192-194, 196-198, 200-202, 204-206, 208-210, 212-214, 216-218, 220-222, 224-226, 228-230, 232-234, 236-238, 240-242, 244-246, 248-250, 252-254, 256-258, 260-262, 264-266, 268-270, 272-274, 276-278, 280-282, 284-286, 288-290, 292-294, 296-298, 300-302, 304-306, 308-310, 312-314, 316-318, 320-322, 324-326, 328-330, 332-334, 336-338, 340-342, 344-346, 348-350, 352-354, 356-358, 360-362, 364-366, 368-370, 372-374, 376-378, 380-382, 384-386, 388-390, 392-394, 396-398, 400-402, 404-406, 408-410, 412-414, 416-418, 420-422, 424-426, 428-430, 432-434, 436-438, 440-442, 444-446, 448-450, 452-454, 456-458, 460-462, 464-466, 468-470, 472-474, 476-478, 480-482, 484-486, 488-490, 492-494, 496-498, 500-502, 504-506, 508-510, 512-514, 516-518, 520-522, 524-526, 528-530, 532-534, 536-538, 540-542, 544-546, 548-550, 552-554, 556-558, 560-562, 564-566, 568-570, 572-574, 576-578, 580-582, 584-586, 588-590, 592-594, 596-598, 600-602, 604-606, 608-610, 612-614, 616-618, 620-622, 624-626, 628-630, 632-634, 636-638, 640-642, 644-646, 648-650, 652-654, 656-658, 660-662, 664-666, 668-670, 672-674, 676-678, 680-682, 684-686, 688-690, 692-694, 696-698, 700-702, 704-706, 708-710, 712-714, 716-718, 720-722, 724-726, 728-730, 732-734, 736-738, 740-742, 744-746, 748-750, 752-754, 756-758, 760-762, 764-766, 768-770, 772-774, 776-778, 780-782, 784-786, 788-790, 792-794, 796-798, 800-802, 804-806, 808-810, 812-814, 816-818, 820-822, 824-826, 828-830, 832-834, 836-838, 840-842, 844-846, 848-850, 852-854, 856-858, 860-862, 864-866, 868-870, 872-874, 876-878, 880-882, 884-886, 888-890, 892-894, 896-898, 900-902, 904-906, 908-910, 912-914, 916-918, 920-922, 924-926, 928-930, 932-934, 936-938, 940-942, 944-946, 948-950, 952-954, 956-958, 960-962, 964-966, 968-970, 972-974, 976-978, 980-982, 984-986, 988-990, 992-994, 996-998, 1000-1002, 1004-1006, 1008-1010, 1012-1014, 1016-1018, 1020-1022, 1024-1026, 1028-1030, 1032-1034, 1036-1038, 1040-1042, 1044-1046, 1048-1050, 1052-1054, 1056-1058, 1060-1062, 1064-1066, 1068-1070, 1072-1074, 1076-1078, 1080-1082, 1084-1086, 1088-1090, 1092-1094, 1096-1098, 1100-1102, 1104-1106, 1108-1110, 1112-1114, 1116-1118, 1120-1122, 1124-1126, 1128-1130, 1132-1134, 1136-1138, 1140-1142, 1144-1146, 1148-1150, 1152-1154, 1156-1158, 1160-1162, 1164-1166, 1168-1170, 1172-1174, 1176-1178, 1180-1182, 1184-1186, 1188-1190, 1192-1194, 1196-1198, 1200-1202, 1204-1206, 1208-1210, 1212-1214, 1216-1218, 1220-1222, 1224-1226, 1228-1230, 1232-1234, 1236-1238, 1240-1242, 1244-1246, 1248-1250, 1252-1254, 1256-1258, 1260-1262, 1264-1266, 1268-1270, 1272-1274, 1276-1278, 1280-1282, 1284-1286, 1288-1290, 1292-1294, 1296-1298, 1300-1302, 1304-1306, 1308-1310, 1312-1314, 1316-1318, 1320-1322, 1324-1326, 1328-1330, 1332-1334, 1336-1338, 1340-1342, 1344-1346, 1348-1350, 1352-1354, 1356-1358, 1360-1362, 1364-1366, 1368-1370, 1372-1374, 1376-1378, 1380-1382, 1384-1386, 1388-1390, 1392-1394, 1396-1398, 1400-1402, 1404-1406, 1408-1410, 1412-1414, 1416-1418, 1420-1422, 1424-1426, 1428-1430, 1432-1434, 1436-1438, 1440-1442, 1444-1446, 1448-1450, 1452-1454, 1456-1458, 1460-1462, 1464-1466, 1468-1470, 1472-1474, 1476-1478, 1480-1482, 1484-1486, 1488-1490, 1492-1494, 1496-1498, 1500-1502, 1504-1506, 1508-1510, 1512-1514, 1516-1518, 1520-1522, 1524-1526, 1528-1530, 1532-1534, 1536-1538, 1540-1542, 1544-1546, 1548-1550, 1552-1554, 1556-1558, 1560-1562, 1564-1566, 1568-1570, 1572-1574, 1576-1578, 1580-1582, 1584-1586, 1588-1590, 1592-1594, 1596-1598, 1600-1602, 1604-1606, 1608-1610, 1612-1614, 1616-1618, 1620-1622, 1624-1626, 1628-1630, 1632-1634, 1636-1638, 1640-1642, 1644-1646, 1648-1650, 1652-1654, 1656-1658, 1660-1662, 1664-1666, 1668-1670, 1672-1674, 1676-1678, 1680-1682, 1684-1686, 1688-1690, 1692-1694, 1696-1698, 1700-1702, 1704-1706, 1708-1710, 1712-1714, 1716-1718, 1720-1722, 1724-1726, 1728-1730, 1732-1734, 1736-1738, 1740-1742, 1744-1746, 1748-1750, 1752-1754, 1756-1758, 1760-1762, 1764-1766, 1768-1770, 1772-1774, 1776-1778, 1780-1782, 1784-1786, 1788-1790, 1792-1794, 1796-1798, 1800-1802, 1804-1806, 1808-1810, 1812-1814, 1816-1818, 1820-1822, 1824-1826, 1828-1830, 1832-1834, 1836-1838, 1840-1842, 1844-1846, 1848-1850, 1852-1854, 1856-1858, 1860-1862, 1864-1866, 1868-1870, 1872-1874, 1876-1878, 1880-1882, 1884-1886, 1888-1890, 1892-1894, 1896-1898, 1900-1902, 1904-1906, 1908-1910, 1912-1914, 1916-1918, 1920-1922, 1924-1926, 1928-1930, 1932-1934, 1936-1938, 1940-1942, 1944-1946, 1948-1950, 1952-1954, 1956-1958, 1960-1962, 1964-1966, 1968-1970, 1972-1974, 1976-1978, 1980-1982, 1984-1986, 1988-1990, 1992-1994, 1996-1998, 2000-2002, 2004-2006, 2008-2010, 2012-2014, 2016-2018, 2020-2022, 2024-2026, 2028-2030, 2032-2034, 2036-2038, 2040-2042, 2044-2046, 2048-2050, 2052-2054, 2056-2058, 2060-2062, 2064-2066, 2068-2070, 2072-2074, 2076-2078, 2080-2082, 2084-2086, 2088-2090, 2092-2094, 2096-2098, 2100-2102, 2104-2106, 2108-2110, 2112-2114, 2116-2118, 2120-2122, 2124-2126, 2128-2130, 2132-2134, 2136-2138, 2140-214

SWAPS VS. NASHUA

Sirs:

There is only one way to settle this Swap-Nashua match-race controversy and that is to have the race. Thank goodness SI has seen to that.

It will be a great race—I'd sure like to see it!

E. E. ANDERSON JR.

Cupertino, Calif.

MOSEL PUPIL

Sirs:

At Home with Swaps in California and *CONVERSATION PIECE: Subject: Meshack Tenney* (SI, July 18) were wonderful articles. Undoubtedly, you will receive innumerable letters from irate eastern breeders, criticizing Mr. Ellsworth's unconventional horse-raising methods, so I thought it best to write this note of wholehearted approval.

And isn't Swaps a perfect example of the soundness of Mr. Ellsworth's theories?

ANN LARDNER

Newport Beach, Calif.

I SALUTE

Sirs:

I have worked for quite a few stables (especially Mrs. Graham's) and I have seen a lot of good horses, going back to Whirlaway, Count Fleet, Alsab, First Fiddle, Citation, Bon Jour, Lucky Draw and a lot of other topnotchers. Swaps reminds me of them. The more he runs the better he gets and a lot of wise trainers will agree, Sir.

I cannot go along with the Easterners on Nashua although I am not taking anything away from him because he is truly a fine thoroughbred. In my opinion, though, he is not as good as Swaps. Swaps is the nearest thing to Count Fleet and Lucky Draw. My salute to Swaps and Shoemaker.

A3C WALTER D. YOUNG, USAF

Lowry Air Force Base, Calif.

NO COMPARISON

Sirs:

I am sure that Nashua will defeat Swaps when he meets him. Swaps is a great horse but I didn't like it when I saw in your July 18 issue that some people from California are comparing him to Man o' War. I don't think there has been a horse yet who could defeat Big Red.

How could Nashua lose with a jockey like Eddie Arcaro riding him?

JANET PATTERSON

Denver

A HANDFUL OF OUST

Sirs:

Anyone who thinks Nashua could beat the greatest horse of all time is wrong. All Willie Shoemaker would have to do is crack the whip lightly and Swaps would run and leave Nashua in the dust.

MORT KAMINS

Los Angeles

WATCH

Sirs:

In my opinion Nashua is racing's Chuck Dawey, who came to fame via TV.

Swaps runs against older horses on the West Coast and still comes home the winner. Watch him roll in the match race in Chicago.

BILLY SMITH

Wilmington, Del.

WORTH 1,000 WORDS

Sirs:



JOYCE RICHARDS

age 13

Urbana, Ill.

WILL SOMETHING HAPPEN?

Sirs:

Just because Swaps doesn't parade himself around the eastern circuit, some of your readers think he is unknown. Maybe I should deny the existence of Nashua. After all, he has never run in California for me to see!

I fail to see how anyone can make such inapt statements in a national magazine and get them printed. Swaps is the champion and will remain the champion until something happens to disprove it and that something isn't Nashua.

DON M. LERHER

Visalia, Calif.

HOW TO WAKE UP SCREAMING

Sirs:

Since I am a staunch Arcaro and Nashua fan, I say without a doubt Swaps has little, if any, chance to win that match race.

If I remember right, California was all up in arms a year or so ago on how Correlation would run away at the Derby. So what happened? He pooped out and wound up sixth. Even Willie Shoemaker couldn't make him run.

I think Nashua will come out on top. Arcaro knows a heck of a lot more about the horse he'll ride than those people who are building their hopes on a dream that could turn out to be a nightmare.

TOM ALICE

Santa Fe

• SI has received a flood of mail from partisans of both horses. Reader opinion has Swaps over Nashua by a 5-1 margin, but a lot of that mail comes from California.—ED.

BRAVADO AT ARLINGTON

Sirs:

Scoop! Scoop! Scoop! And SI is the first to hear about it. Last Saturday I was among the faithful at Arlington Park rooting Nashua into a still higher income bracket. I too made my modest profit from the race and I was able to secure a position of some advantage near the winner's circle. All felt right with this world until I glanced at Mrs. Woodward, who, with other human and equestrian dignitaries, was installed in the winner's circle. "Great Heavens!" I said to myself, "Ann is wearing the same dress that she wore on the day of the Kentucky Derby." And after SI devoted a full spread to her (WW, July 4) as the best-dressed woman, showing her in a different and highly becoming ensemble every time she and Nashua moved into the winner's circle over the '55 season.

continued on next page



"Neither one will concede."

But that's not the whole story. Mr. Woodward, who during Nashua's entire '55 season has posed wearing the same suit and the same striped neckwear, was sporting a brand-new tie (see cut).

The conclusion is obvious. Horse players, lend me your ears: Swags will take Nashua come August 31 in Chicago. The Woodwards as good as admitted that last Saturday, when Mrs. W. made her old friend 60, knowing that a new dress was not justified with old Nashua's earnings about to be curtailed drastically by Swags.

Mr. Woodward's new necktie? Sheer bravado. He's whistling in the dark.

Ed Tuck

Chicago



NASHUA. Mr. Woodward in new tie, and Mrs. Woodward in Derby frock (SI, July 4) in winner's circle after Arlington Classic.

AN INTERESTING STORY

SIR:

I am curious about the bulldog picture called "The Yale Eleven" which appeared in your July 4 issue, and which you state was by an unknown photographer and was discovered in Scotland by Fabian Bachrach.

I have the identical picture and have had it for at least 20 years and have never seen it anywhere else.

I bought it for 50c in a Third Avenue antique store, and on the front of my picture the photographer is shown as "Bradford," Newton, Mass. I bought it because I happened to have a couple of bulldogs and because once upon a time I played football up at New Haven.

It strikes me that Mr. Fabian Bachrach has made up a very interesting story, and while I hate to disillusion him, I am rather curious as to why the discovery of the picture would be so very remarkable, because it is obviously not of any value whatever.

Otis L. GUERNSEY

New York

● Mr. Bachrach thinks the picture is remarkable chiefly because, though it

came from Scotland, it fits the Yale football eleven to a T—or Y. He assures Mr. Guernsey that the story was not made up, and suggests the following explanation: His father, Louis Fabian Bachrach, found the picture in Scotland about 1925 and brought it back to Newton, Mass., where the Bachrach photographic laboratories are located. At that time the Bachrach had a subsidiary called the Bradford Greeting Card Company, also in Newton, which made a number of prints of the picture marked with the company name. One of these eventually turned up on Third Avenue, and in Mr. Guernsey's scrapbook.—ED.

WILD-GOOSE CHES

SIR:

SI scooped my half-dozen chess magazines over my Sammy's own Conquest of Moscow (SI, July 18). I have just had the wonderful dub pleasure of defeating the great Botvinnik with Sammy's moves, which appeared first in SI! This postal chess Goos, an Associated Press editor long retired, compliments SI on its beautiful coverage. SI, like Uncle Sam's Sammy, retains the initiative!

WILD GOOSE SCHROEDER

Venice, Fla.

WHO'S A MORON?

SIR:

SI, June 20 carried in the EVENTS & DISCOVERIES section an apparently pointless diatribe against the time-honored British game of cricket. Having read it through several times, I can only assume that the writer is an ignorant, prejudiced moron.

The Englishman can take criticism of his foibles—even his favorite sport—in a good-humored spirit. However, I wonder why people feel the urge to mock cricket, as I am certain the average Englishman doesn't waste his time wondering why Americans wax so enthusiastic about baseball. Too many people consider that anything foreign to their own tastes is necessarily peculiar.

As to the insane statistics supplied by John Fletcher in *The Lover*, I would like both Mr. Fletcher and your gullible contributor to spend a day on the cricket field and see if they agree that hardly any energy is required to cope with a full day of fielding, bowling or batting. Both gentlemen should be referred to an article in a previous issue of SI by your own Paul Gallico, who frankly stated that in his opinion nobody could call cricket a slow game.

Yes, Englishmen still go on watching the game with stolid joy, and if more people in this world got pleasure from such harmless things, we might be in better shape than we are today.

CLEM BALDWIN

Vancouver, Canada

OVATION AND OPTIMISM

SIR:

I must admit that as we get deeper and deeper into baseball season, SI gets to be more and more like the magazine I was wishing for when I got my subscription.

Paul Richards' articles are the next best thing to his book, which I now have. Frischer-Roe's piece (SI, July 4) was the best you have ever printed, to my way of thinking. It was amusing, interesting, informative and

well written. To top it all off in fine style, the color pictures of the American and National League players (SI, June 27, July 11) were superb.

Please keep up the good work, and I hope you can give your excellent coverage to the White Sox, about October 1.

JIM SWANN

Dubuque, Iowa

SO MANY SLIPPERY ACTIVITIES

SIR:

The amusing outcry from the idealists concerning Roe's eighth ball (197H HOLE, July 18) wouldn't have been heard except for the cosmopolitan coverage you have been able to obtain with your magazine. Any real baseball aficionado knows the whole structure of the game is founded on cutting corners; in fact, my earliest recollection of the game was the cutting of second base when the single umpire was working back of the pitcher. Of course, that was strictly hush—I believe the majors always had two umpires but, nevertheless, even in the high minors it was standard operating procedure, just as is the brushing of hips now by a third baseman when a man is trying to score from second; the kicking or bumping a ball out of a baseman's hands (as glamorized by Eddie Stanky); stealing of signals; or the "stick-it-in-his-ear" procedure to prevent toe holds.

Fundamentally, Roe did nothing different from the numerous other procedures that are proscribed but nonetheless routine in the game today. To try and make the fellow a blackguard only indicates the inexperience and lack of understanding on the part of his critics. I know this will immediately bring forth a blast from the Rover Boys who spout the meaningless phrase, "It's not how you won or lost but how you played the game," but I believe that throughout the baseball fraternity, Durocher's "nice guys finish last" is the more often accepted principle.

What these idealists fail to understand and what the sportswriters won't write is that the game is dominated by the class so beautifully designated by Red Smith as "the fatheads who own baseball."

The management of the game is the principal cause of these many slippery activities. For example: The head guy (Frick) wants the spitter brought back; yet he's powerless to get it back, because the club owners still want the pitchers handcuffed. The recent hemming-in of the catcher on an intentional walk has brought about so many slippery activities, i.e., a deliberate and open tipping of the hitter's bat to have first base awarded for interference; letting the first baseman catch the pitched ball to draw an interference call; etc. All of these are evidence of lack of intelligence in the management of the game.

In fact, the openly insolent treatment of the baseball fan is unequalled in any other sport. If this statement is not understood, I need only mention the locking of exit gates to force early leavers to pass out by the concessions; the lack of drinking fountains to force patronage of the concessions; the failure to develop any form of communication between the umpire and the stands, except for the elementary "safe," "out," "strike" and "ball" signals (just consider the football referee's signals for example), and the generally filthy restrooms.

E. M. KERRIGAN

Omaha, Neb.

HE DID RIGHT

Sir: The "disgusted and mauveated" 19th moolens (SI, July 18) who would unlock the Preacher have disregarded the fundamental fact that his dandy sermons were delivered in full view of stadium crowds, not to mention the ever-present quartet of umpires and an eagle-eyed rival congregation.

Those who scorn Roe's "low-down trick" must have equally strong feelings against the hidden-ball caper, the duster, and the dastardly catchers and infielders who lure unwary base runners to their doom by feigning disgust with a "late" throw.

This knuckle-rapping against a player who polished his craft through the careful application of a little saliva is laughable. So long as baseball is played, pitchers will be thinking of new ways to get the batter back on the bench and vice versa. Preach only added an interesting chapter to this endless battle. We need more like him to return some of baseball's lost color.

ALLEN SCOTT

Silver Spring, Md.

I WAS PLEASED

Sir: Some of your readers think the good name of baseball has been blackened by the story of Roe's spitball (SI, July 4). Baseball is a great game but it has no good name. How could it have one when the principle is to win any way you can? Take away the sign stealing, bench riding, body blocks made breaking up double plays, bean balls, plate crowding and many other practices and the game becomes mechanical.

It may not be cricket for an outfielder to remain silent on a trapped line-drive catch called out for a baseman to pull the hidden-ball trick on a base runner, but it gets the side out. I do not necessarily condone Roe's spitball, but, knowing and enjoying the game, I was not shocked, just pleased by SI's good reporting.

RICHARD L. GREER

Aberdeen, N.C.

THE TIME HAS COME, SI

Sir: Your article by Dick Young on Preacher Roe's "confession" has evidently made the practice of dishonesty a controversial issue—at least if the letters to the 19th HOLE in the July 18 issue are any criterion.

Your magazine has more than made the point as to how it stands on dishonesty in boxing, and yet Mr. Young's article, the fine reporting job not withstanding, seems to attempt to justify the Preacher in his own admitted dishonesty.

Since it was through the pages of your magazine that this situation was brought into the public's eye, I feel that you have a definite obligation to your readers to take an editorial stand on an issue that never should be an issue at all—but which you have made one.

The time has come to stand up and be counted on this one.

If cheating and dishonesty are wrong in boxing, then they are wrong in baseball or any other sport.

O.K. I'm counted—how about you?

DICK O'HANLON

Potsdam, N.Y.

● SI is not against the spitball as such, but a rule is a rule.—ED.

FUN GAME

Sir:

Preacher Roe's confession has aroused the general controversy that was to be expected. However, everyone seems to have missed the point that in baseball you are entitled to anything you can get away with. That is tradition, always has been, always will be, and is part of the fun of the game.

ROBERT W. WOOD JR.

Princeton, N.J.

THE WENDIGO'S AMERICAN COUSIN

Sir:

Re your story on the new Canadian trout: you will be interested to know that a similar trout is now being bred at the Pennsylvania Fish Hatchery at Bellefonte. When I saw the picture of the Canadian fish I recognized the fish and thought I was about to read a story on the effort at Bellefonte. You'd better check me on this, but it may not be too long before Pennsylvanians get a crack at this beauty.

P. B. WILKINSON

Paoli, Pa.

● Biologists of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission have bred wendigos at the research station near Bellefonte. They call the fish splake, however, which is the name first given to the Canadian wendigos. Gordon Trembley, chief aquatic biologist at the station, says that a second generation of splake has been produced and one Pennsylvania lake has been lightly stocked with them.—ED.

CRITIC, FRIEND & COPYCAT

Sir:

Congratulations on your wonderful magazine. I find I just have to write and thank you for the great photographic coverage of the swimmers attempting the treacherous Strait of Juan de Fuca. Such coincidence! No sooner had I received my issue in the mail than I heard on the radio that hurly Tacoma logger Bert Thomas had finally

conquered the 18-mile stretch on his fifth attempt.

But don't get the idea that I'm sending all bouquets, as I was going to write a couple of months ago and sound off about the poor coverage you gave to the Stanley Cup playoffs. I was quite disappointed, to say the least, but nevertheless I must admit that SI is still head and shoulders above everybody else in the world of sports publications, even if Gentleman Jim Norris and company don't think so.

I do not want to be a copycat, but I wonder if it would be possible for me to become a member of the Happy Knoll Country Club. I'm very envious of Fellow Reader Conklin-Litts.

BILL HOLLAND

Victoria, B.C.

● Welcome to Happy Knoll.—ED.

N.I.P.

Sir:

Just to keep Niagara history straight: In SI, July 18, there is an article on Captain Matthew Webb who attempted to swim the Niagara Rapids. It is stated that the grave of the "Shropshire lad" is in Lewiston. Captain Webb rests in Oakwood Cemetery at Niagara Falls, N.Y., alongside the graves of Annie Edson Taylor, the first person to go over the Falls in a barrel and live, and Carlisle D. Graham, famed for his swims and barrel trips through the Rapids.

ORRIN E. DUNLAP JR.

Great Neck, N.Y.

● Mr. Dunlap has his history straight. After Captain Webb's unsuccessful attempt to swim the Whirlpool Rapids his body was recovered from the lower Niagara River at Lewiston and interred in Oakwood Cemetery at Niagara Falls. He was the first to be buried in what later became known as the Foolkillers' Plot: the resting place of several Niagara stunts, some of whom put on their act only once.—ED.



PAT ON THE BACK

PAUL DIETZEL

Though his big job is building a winning football team at victory-starved Louisiana State, Head Coach Paul Dietzel finds time to help kids of pre-high school age in Baton Rouge play better football. Dietzel, a former line coach at Cincinnati, Kentucky and Army, and his staff conducted a clinic for 198 youngsters, lectured them on the principles of the game and instructed them in fundamentals afterward.

BILLY MARTIN

Corporal Billy Martin, former New York Yankee second baseman and 1953 World Series hero, is sticking close to baseball in every spare moment away from Army duties at Camp Carson, Colo. Billy, who returns to the Yankees next spring, coaches two Little League groups on the post three or four times a week, plays second, short, right field and even pitches for Camp Carson's team. His batting average: .700.



Tony Isn't Typical

Tony Kavaleskie, of Scranton, Pa., is hardly a typical **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** reader.

The reason? He owns the 1914 Stutz Bearcat in which he sits so contentedly—and there are only a couple of dozen of them left in the world.

Many of SI's 600,000 reader-families grow sad at the thought that they don't own Stutz Bearcats—although 92% of them own cars, and 26.4% own two or more, several cuts above the U.S. family average.

They like automobiles, and according to statistics, will buy 200,000 of them this year, including even a couple of Stutz Bearcats, maybe.

And that's one reason why **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** in less than a year of publication is already 6th in total pages of passenger car advertising among all U.S. magazines.*

*PIB figures for first four months of 1955.

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

9 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.
Fisher Building, Detroit



New slip-on takes the track with tassel tie
and tapered topline

the Pedwin
jockey

A slip-on paced to dressy style. Top-favorite black, trim moccasin toe, the new lower topline, and a lightweight leather sole. Then the winner's touch...a jaunty loop of leather with tassel ends. Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis



995

Other styles,
\$7.95 to \$9.95
Higher Dressed West



Pedwin
YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES

